

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

ISSUE 29

DRUMMOND

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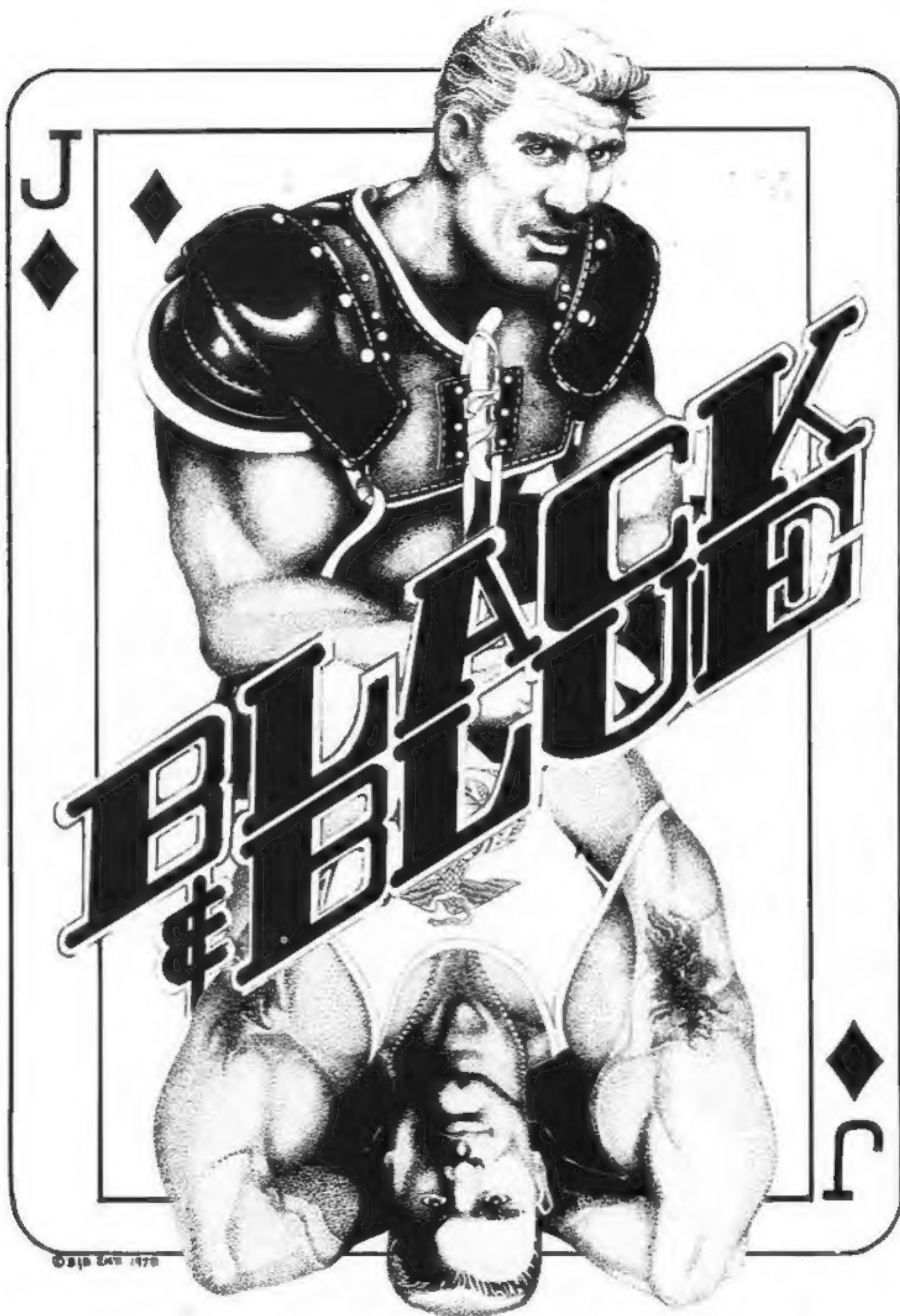
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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."
Henry David Thoreau



AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

VOLUME 4

29

6. **GETTING OFF**
Dropping Dead in NYC/SFO/LA
7. **MALE CALL**
By the Lettermen
8. **DRAWINGS BY DOMINO**
This man knows an authentic man when he sees one . . .
12. **FOOT LOOSE** by Jack Fritscher
Fetish-of-the-month
14. **NOODLES ROMANOFF AND THE GOLDEN GLOVES** by Jack Fritscher
Who is Noodles Romanoff and why is he eating shit?
18. **MR. BENSON** by Jack Prescott
Premiere episode of choice j/o fiction
24. **HARRY CHESS** by A. Jay
26. **ASTROLOGIC** by Aristide
Your moon is in shit . . . TAURUS!
28. **DRUMSTICKS**
Dial F-U-C-K-A-Y-U-C-K
29. **PRISON PUNK**
Part Three by Frank O'Rourke
This fiction keeps coming
37. **CENTERFOLD: ON TARGET**
The New American Masculinity/
JAVELIN NO. 4
45. **DRUMBEATS**
Unclassy and Unclassified
59. **DRUM** by Bill Ward
Snort these line drawings . . .
68. **DRUMMER FLICKS**
HAIR: Gimme Down to There Hair!

62. **TOUGH SHIT**
Eat it!
64. **TOUGH CUSTOMERS**
Eat their shorts
70. **PYRAMID** by J. Prescott
"Pyramid Power" starts here
72. **BAR/BATH SCENE '79**
78. **IN PASSING**
Pete Rose gropes around . . .

COVER PHOTO: Joe Kelly from Target's
JAVELIN NO. 4

CONTENTS PAGE PHOTO: Kyle Hazard,
Target

DRUMMER

AMERICAN REVIEW OF GAY POPULAR CULTURE

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GETTING OFF

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME IN THE WHOLE WIDE WORLD

by Jack Fritscher

The bodycount is rising. So is DRUMMER's gorge. "The Good Die Young" is not much salve when men you know die before their time. Gay men generally say *fuck* to longevity of life. We prefer quality of the moment to quantity of old age. Shades of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Joplin, Hendrix, and Morrison. The litany is endless of the really good who kicked off really young.

"Why do the young die?" Zorba asked. "Why does anyone die?"

Alan Bates, holding a stack of leather-bound texts, said, "I don't know."

"Then what's the good of all your damned books? If they don't tell you that, what the hell do they tell you?"

"They tell me," Bates said, "of the agony of men who cannot answer questions like yours."

HOW TO GET DEAD

Whoever knows what really happens? To anyone at any given time? We all head out for a fevered Saturday night, live. Then some jerk says, "Have a snort." We're all gay buddies, right? We smile. A tool among friends. Ah...

Feelin' good. Lookin' good. Livin' good.

Sometimes playing Big Boys' Games means taking Big Boys' Chances. Sometimes that means a clappy sexual cold. Sometimes, it means worse.

THE CLONE MURDERS

The Jonestown Bodycount maugres the Clonestown Bodycount, as gay man after gay man heads untimely to the Big Glory Holelellulah in the Sky. San Francisco, just finished with two clearly gay-related assassinations as well as with a dozen so-called "Clone Murders," has suffered three more back-to-back killings. Then bad dope led to the accidental tongue-swallowing suffocation of one of the most archetypically handsome men in town.

SUICIDE INTO PRIDE

Before Gay Lib, literature and life were filled with homosexuals who liberated themselves through suicide. Gay suicide has decreased in inverse ratio to the rise of Gay Pride. Even self-destructive behavior among gays ain't what it used to be. So why are the mortuary wagons in the sexual Bermuda Triangle of NYC/LA/SFO trundling slowly by the baths, bars, backrooms, and discos, shouting, "Bring out your dead?"

JAMES DEAN: FAST LANE

Balance Jimmy Dean versus Jimmy Webb. James Dean, the bisexual human ashtray, his torso covered with cigarette burns, finally flamed out in his speeding Porsche southeast of San Francisco. Dean died in the Fast Lane: live fast, die young, and be a beautiful corpse. Jimmy Webb, if you can get past the worst cake/rain image in American lyrics, retorts best in *MacArthur Park*: "I will take my life into my hands and I will use it."

MALE IMPERSONATORS

Gay lib, like manhood, is the assuming of responsibility for what will happen to us. But other stuff operates. Perhaps misplaced guilt gets us tied up with real ropes by a really psychopathic really handsome stranger. Perhaps careless attitude makes us posture like the bad little boys we never were. Face it; most gay men as children were the best little boys in the whole wide world. Embarrassed by that innocent memory, we costume ourselves as blue-collar male impersonators to go out and do the baaad Macho Stomp.

PARADE REST

So why rain on a parade that works? Because we're in a jungle. Because, once having been the best little boys in the polite middleclass world, we're not really streetwise enough to be any more than innocent prey in the jungle. Because listening to Old Reliable's cautionary turn-on tapes hardly equips us to cope with the punk/excon dangers that Old Reliable can barely handle with years of nightly practice.

Because a man will tell you in a bar that he likes your uniform. Because you will believe him. Because he will tie you up and blow your face away.

DRUMMER gives a rain prediction because the parade doesn't always work.

SUCKER²

Gays have always been their own best creation. Now we are evidence that we are our own best destruction. From the macho-deep words exchanged around a pool table when the toughguy with the cuestick gets bumped once too often to the late night bitch fight where lovers are breaking all their pretties from Bloomies all over each other's heads. Actions speak. The evidence is in the way we are.

The greatest falsehood in Gaydom

today is: "If he's gay, he's my brother." That's a set-up just this side of P.T. Barnum. A gay man, believing that, is just a sucker-to-the-second-power. SUCKER²... Pass out at a bath and five-will-get-you-ten that your gay "brothers" will step over your body. Try and find a sense of real neighborhood on Castro, Folsom, Melrose, or Christopher. Does your dealer really care? How about the gay businesses that jack up prices the way any business in any ghetto squeezes every dime it can out of the locals who rarely leave the ghetto?

Just because a man is gay, doesn't certify him as much at all. What is he after that? What can he do besides fuck and suck? His skindeep beauty may be an appearance covering a darker reality. Plenty these days that starts in bed ends in a tongue-swallowing convulsion or a bullet-riddled face in the Tehama County woods.

ASK FOR IT TILL YOU GET IT

Drugs. Bondage. A ride in a stranger's car. Exciting, of course. But compromising. Too bad: our sexuality is also our vulnerability. In cities we know only as tourists as well as in cities we call home, there are killers in the night. Some guys, as in Carson McCullers' "A Good Man Is Hard to Find," will kill you for less than a fistful of dollars — just for the meanness of it.

Often, the enemy is one of us.

I WILL SURVIVE!

So we disco away the paranoia with Gloria Gaynor's wishfulfilment, "I Will Survive."

Yeah. And clap your hands to make Tinker Bell live.

Buy that bill of goods and kiss your ass goodbye.

S&M: SENSUALITY AND MUTUALITY

DRUMMER is not negative or paranoid. We want our readers aware that our tastes can lead to an encounter that may be highly sexual, supremely sensual, not at all mutual, and very terminal. These dark days, past Jonestown and Harrisburg, even what you thought could never happen to you, could.

STREETTRUTH

As Old Reliable was told by an 18-year-old piece of genuine street trash who hit the nail right on: "Punk motherfuckin' faggot. You don't know what you fuckin' do. I'll kill you dead. You're playin' probably the most dangerous game in the world. You come too close, I kill you quick. There's a lot of people out there just like me who'll kill you quicker. You don't know what you do. Bringin' 'em into your fuckin' house, givin' 'em money. You don't even know me! Next time you fuck with me, remember I could kill you in a minute. That's the way I want to leave it. That's the way I want it to stay."

You may think you're careful. Chances are, you're not.

MALECALL/Dear Sir:

IN HEAT

I rarely get around to writing, but Jack's interview with Wakefield (No. 27) uncorked a powerful load of appreciation that's been building up during the several months since I turned on to you. Warm thanks, Wake, for your beautiful energy, your integrity and your candor. Thanks, Drummer, for your matchless product.

For a real long time, curious but cautious, I didn't know whether or not I genuinely had Leather in my blood. But Drummer's mind-blowing fusion of the erotic, the debauched, the hilarious, the sinister, the exuberant, the aesthetic and the mystical is liberating something in me I could barely acknowledge and didn't know how to deal with. I wasn't sure it needed dealing with, but now I see infinite and staggering possibilities.

You're inspiring a hell of a lot of guys to take a good look at themselves and to class-up their act, bodies, heads and ethics, I'll bet. A little thought to tastefulness in our lasciviousness will help us to keep an even keel in the boundless seas of delirium we seem to enjoy penetrating.

It I started itemizing stuff I particularly have dug, I'd go on for pages, but I must remark that Jack Fritscher's jizzy prose is so elevating. If meat could suffer strokes I'd be a eunuch. Moreover, his purely literary talent is exceptional.

You could triple your outrageous price, you know, and probably not lose a single horny reader. If I didn't think you already knew that I wouldn't say it and maybe put ideas in your head.

Spence T.
S.F.

WHAT IS A MAG LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS?

Received my two copies of Drummer today . . .

I am so speechless I can hardly talk . . . WHAT a magazine!!!! Why haven't I heard about you before? Thank YOU for enclosing your piggy back with R.F.M. or I would probably have NEVER found you. We are so isolated here in the backwoods!!!

In issue 16 is a story called S&M Gym . . . but alas it is the third part of the story . . . can you please send me copies that contains parts 1 and 2 . . . (presumably they would be 14 and 15) and advise me what issues after 16 the endings are. I will then send for those copies as well.

I am looking forward to my regular subscription, which will start soon I hope.

Again thanks and a million of them for such a swell magazine.

B.D.
Sorrento, Canada, B.C.

DUTCH TREAT

First of all I would compliment you for the very good numbers of Drummer. As far as I can get them over here I have read them with great interest. Is there a possibility to send them over to me regularly, so that I get every number as soon as it comes off the press. How can I arrange the money matter?

As I am an addict to bondage I read in one of your numbers a very good article on long term bondage. I would like very much to get into contact with the person mentioned in your article or other persons who are in for long term bondage. As a matter of fact I would like to spend a holiday in such a position or possibly longer. Awaiting your reply I remain yours,

J.R.Laming
Amsterdam

SIRS!

I have been reading your magazine for a long while now and I think it is one of the best I have ever read. Your many stories and articles have done their best to convince me to go out and look for the things that I know will help me enjoy my life more.

For the past year or so, I don't mind telling you now, I've been giving a lot of thought (dreaming really) to becoming a loving and giving slave to a master who would really appreciate my services.

I'm a black kid, (22 years old, 5'9"), and I know that my dream is really no different than anyone else's. I just wanted to tell someone.

It made me feel good to write this letter. Thank you for your magazine. I know you can't suggest anyone to me. But you help keep my dream alive. And it feels good!

A. Jones
San Francisco

CHANGE THAT TAPE

First of all "Drummer" is the absolute BEST in macho male publications. I am looking forward to every issue. I enjoyed particularly two items in issue 27: Pisces, by Adam is an outstanding drawing by that artist. I will spend many nights dreaming about that beautiful hunk. Would love to see more drawings by Adam. Are there any exhibits of his work planned anywhere in the near future? What about an article about the artist Adam himself?

Next I found the report on "Basic Plumbing" very good. But I called the listed number for more info and was turned off by what I believe to be a typical faggy voice on a recording. Hearing a real man's voice on that record-

ing would perhaps made me rush down there but not so . . . Somehow I agree with William, Rochester, NY in his letter. Sex is beautiful and I don't have to belong to the fruit cake fringe. If I feel like experiencing Golden Showers, scat, and whatever is offered at Basic Plumbing then it must be made most attractive — even on a recording — to me.

R.K.
California

TURNED ON 'N' UP

Thank you for one of your best issues ever Drummer 27 is a classic! The cover was super — would have liked to see more of that scene inside. Some of the S/M and bondage photos were among the best you've ever published — let's have more of Dan — that Zeus model. Besides your regular features and artists I was very much impressed with "Cavelo" — don't remember ever having seen his drawings before. Hope you will give us more of his *turn on* drawings. Also liked "Basic Plumbing Unplugged" — great shots — especially page 14.

Congratulations again on a fine number 27 — hope your future issues are just as great. How's about more movie mayhem — always enjoyed those.

B.D.
Oakland

HAIRY

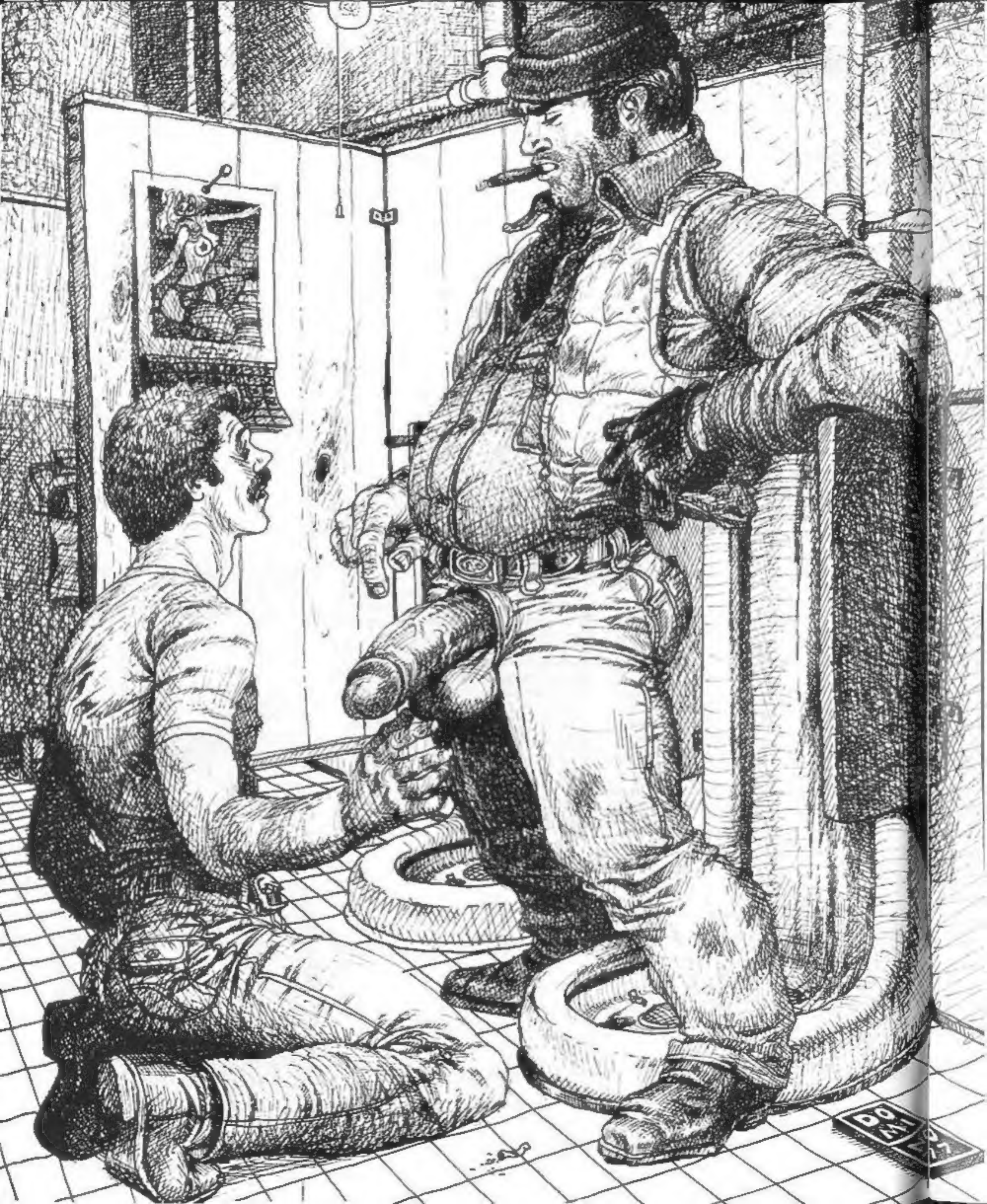
Your new 'Tough Customers' section is getting real hot! That hairy stud from Chicago whacking off in front of a mirror was a super five-star load!! Any more shots of his hairy ass and back? Show it all . . . pleez!

Hot
NY, NY

(Here is another pic of big Bruce about to spread his hairy hole for your inspection. Bon appetit — Ed.)



MORE LETTERS ON PAGE 56



DRAWINGS BY DOMINO

DOMINO/SUMMER OF '78

New York was into the fifth day of a heatfuck, the day I first met Domino. It had all been arranged thru a friend of a friend . . . I was to get the first look at his portfolio of trips. We had finally agreed, after a dozen phone calls back and forth, to circle-in at an apt. on West End Avenue. I knew nothing about him except I was wearing my heavy-duty brass cockring. The expectation was semi-hard.

He opened the door. Firm grip. We checked each other out. Domino: lean like a fox, black eyes, dark beard and HAIRY (a definite plus!). Some small talk. Then he unzipped his portfolio and pulled out his first piece. His drawings were HOT . . . RED-HOT!! The kinda stuff that makes the tip of your cock wet. Your balls sweated under that ring of brass. More drawings. My dick slipped down the leg of my jeans . . .

Domino's head was right there, right next door to Rex's. Men playing heavy . . . you could almost hear the dirty talk. The pits stink, the nipples and hairy pecs are dripping sweat. The grubby jockey shorts are ripped and pulled down to the ankles. The head-cheese juices the inside of the ripe jockstrap. The forced blow-jobs and gang-fucks reek with erotic detail . . . all slamming home! Beer-gut sex. Slime, and sleeze and piss. Top pumping bottom . . . all in glorious black and white!

DOMINO/SPRING '79

Time passes. Things get in the way! The copy never meets Domino's visual erotic energy. Then Domino moved into the winners circle all by himself before Drummer caught up with him again. Etienne and Tom are hard acts to follow, but Domino's trips on the gallery walls of Stompers caught New York's collectors of male erotica right in their horny crotches!!! His first show was a hit. His first portfolio and catalog became collectors' items and showed up on the most unlikely coffee tables around town!

Slow pan to Robert Opel's Fey Way Gallery, 287 Howard Street, San Francisco. Time: March 24, 1979. Preview night of Domino's Westcoast show. The 'sold' stickers were all over the wall. Domino had struck again. Even the South-of-Market Hardcore were turned on. And when you turn on *that* crowd, baby . . . you got yourself a winner! And the world was richer and raunchier for it.

Domino's sizzling illustrations aren't the kind you shove just anywhere in the fucking mag. He needs space. J/O space!! So here he is, world HERE'S DOMINO!!!

— A. Jay



DOMINO
79



DOMINO
77



AN ARTIST'S STATEMENT

(1) One must observe in nature the cocks, the buns, and the tits. (2) My ambition is to re-do Tom of Finland from nature. (3) I wish to make of hot porn something as solid and lasting as the art of the museums.

The above parodies on the oft-quoted dictums of Paul Cezanne probably result from too many hours spent in art history classrooms, plus a natural penchant for tongue-in-cheek. None-the-less, they're not too far off, when I really sit down and think of what my drawings mean to me.

Starting with the first declaration: of all the things in nature that I like to observe, muscles, dicks, and various other male anatomical features have certainly always held first place. Discovering these wonderful things lurking beneath the work-clothes of the iron-miners and dairy-farmers of my native Minnesota was one of my special teen-age thrills. This set up, I suppose, my adult leather-boot-jeans-flannel-uniform-overshoe-over-all-under-shirt-etc. fetishes which I now get special thrills out of working out in my drawings.

The drawings began in my teen-age years as strictly private enhancers of erotic fantasy episodes. Jerk-off material, in other words. They strayed on that secret level for years, while I found reasons to travel alot, work at alot of different jobs, and pursue a career as a painter. The travelling (from Oregon to North Carolina, from Vermont to New Mexico) and the odd jobs (from lumber-jacking to bussing dishes, from driving taxi to teaching) were intentional efforts to gain as wide a range of experience as possible.

I firmly believed that an artist can only paint or draw that which he knows well. This pursuit of visual data has proved to be as pleasurable as it has been educational.

At some point I discovered the drawings of the great Tom of Finland. It seemed remarkable that another artist was recording the same mountainous shoulders, the same tight, rough buns, the same rock-solid jaws that I was. Could this be a universal ideal? After seeing this same perfect man again and again in the drawings of innumerable other (and often lesser) gay artists as well, the ideal began to lose his special appeal to me. Then came the realization that this universal beauty was only rarely the guy in the bar that I wanted to go home with. The really hot turn-on was more often someone quite unique. Thus the second ambition: to capture in ink that intangible and individual male sexuality that is different in every encounter. If I could master that, I figured, maybe I could someday match what Tom had accomplished — not with the man-of-our-fantasies, so much, as with the men-of-our-realities.

Sometime later came the next big revelation: that drawing the American Male was really far more vital, personal and important to me than painting the American Scene, as I was doing professionally. Putting all of my creative impetus into the pornography launched it into the product that I'm now ready to exhibit. Throwing a little form and technique into these hot scenes has simply added another turn-on or two to me. Nothing has been compromised. I'm having a good time on many levels when I do the drawings, and, if they do what they're supposed to do, they'll bring a good time on any or all of those levels to those who view them.

Molded-to-muscle leather jackets worn by the iron miners in Domino's home town turned him on long before he was old enough to make any sexual connection between studs and leather. The miners' battered engineer's boots covered with red mud "made my heart pound long before my dick did," he recalls. So did overalls, stretched tightly over the burly thighs and asses of his farmer-neighbors. Topping the list, though, were the uniforms of the recruits at a nearby Army base. He still remembers the excitement of his first discovery of the baskets that lay semi-hidden under those crisp khaki outfits. Before long he was trying hard to capture these subtle details of macho costume and attitude in the drawings of men he'd been creating in pen and ink since he was ten. "Hero worship hit me early," he says, "probably inspired first by my uncle, a power company lineman, whose heavy work gear got pretty closely associated in my mind with the rugged work he did and his bravery in the face of danger. Putting it down on paper became one of my main goals in life — and I'm still working at it." The drawings on these pages show that his interest is still keen in that area.

With the coming of puberty these drawings became devices that prolonged and heightened long jerk-off sessions. The soldiers, miners, farmers and line-

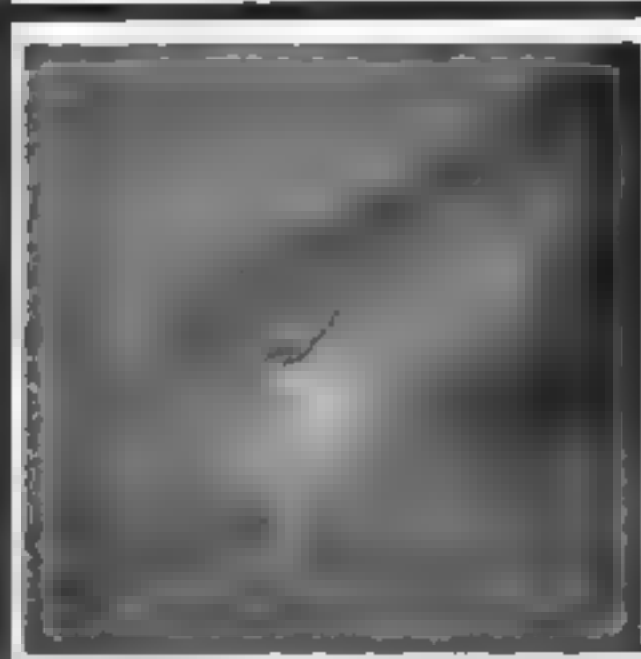
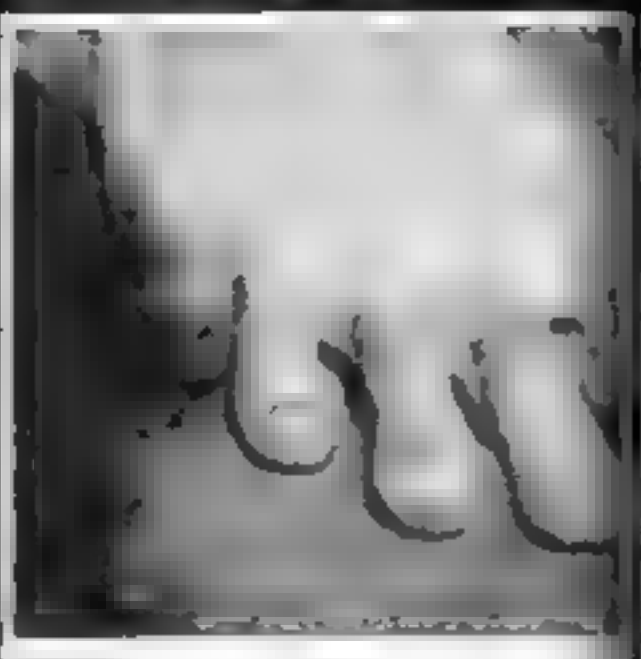
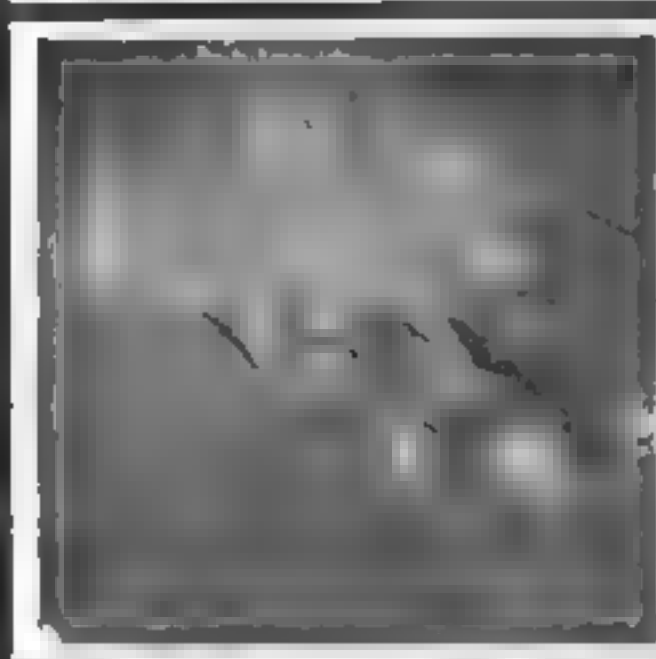
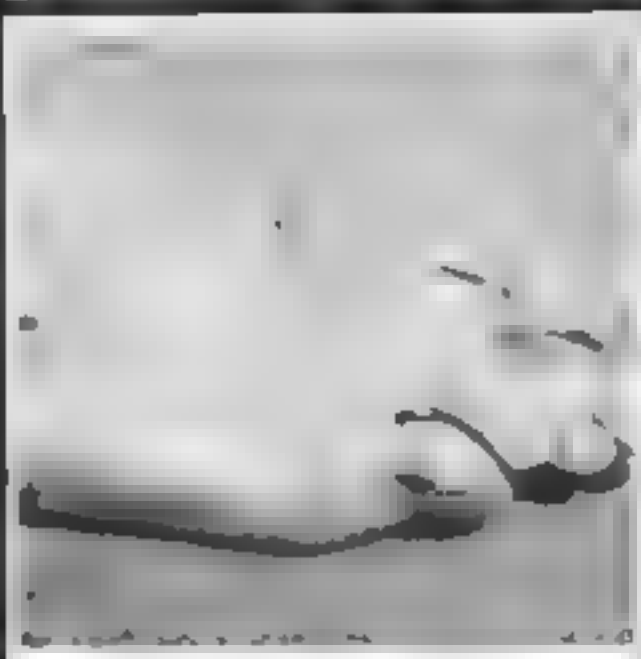
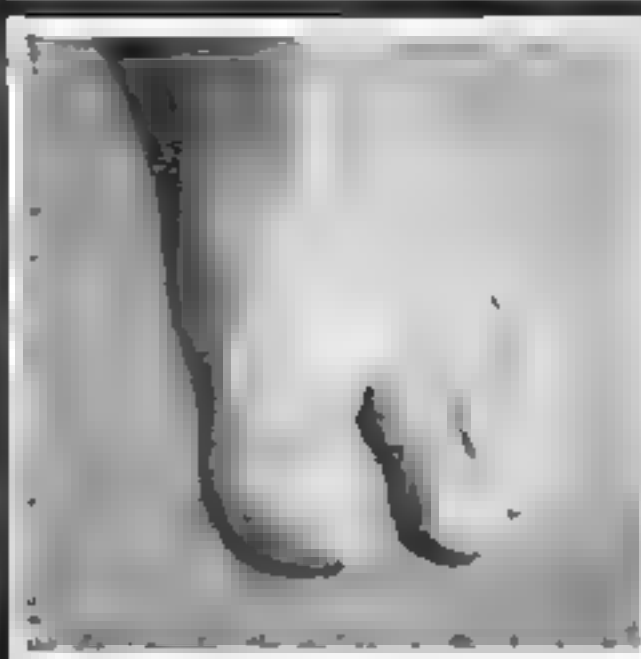
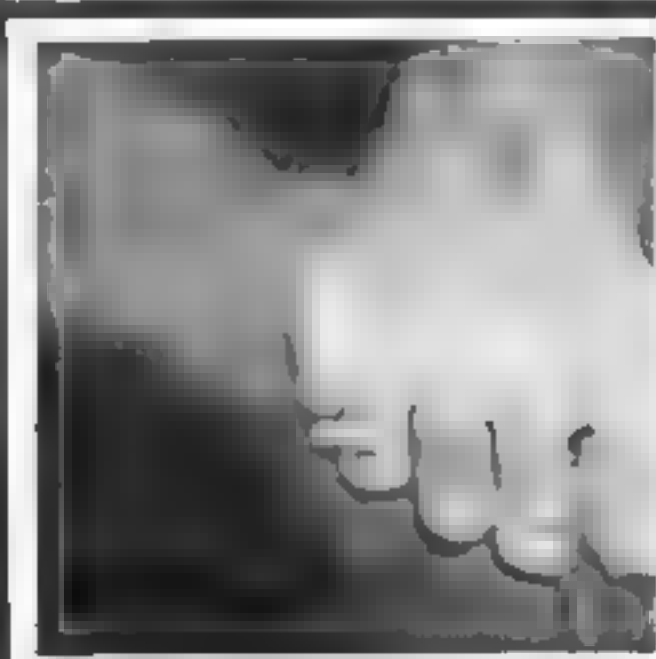
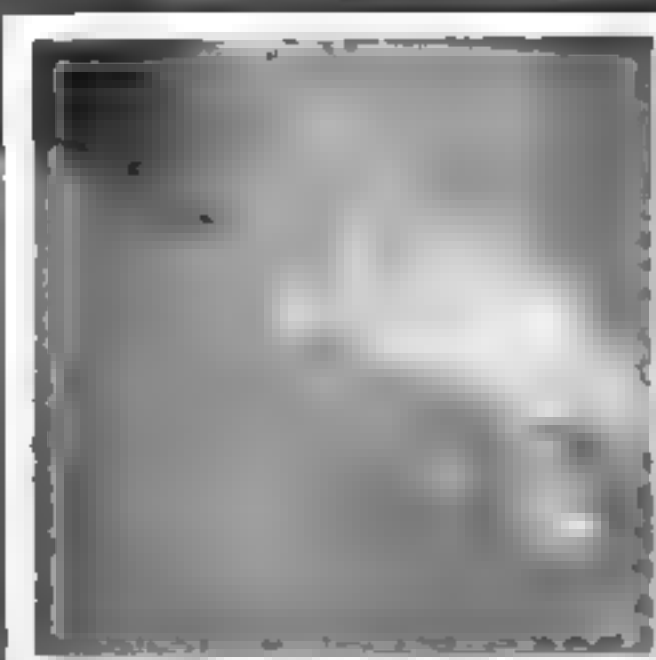
men ("with a few cops and Nazis thrown in," he says) were Domino's purely fantasy partners for a while until one hot summer afternoon, he remembers, "when my uncle took me along with him on a fairly routine job to treat me to the first-hand experience of helping him work. That wasn't the only treat I got that day. My uncle, a rough, dark, built-like-a-brick-shithouse half-breed (Norwegian and Chippewa), apparently caught on to my turn-on which I had been valiantly struggling to keep hidden all day. When the job was over, and only the two of us were left in the company pick-up truck, he started provoking me with sly innuendos, and a lot of crotch-squeezing until he had me really wildly horny. He suddenly asked why I was blushing, put my hand on that wonderful bulge in his Levi's and my life was changed from that moment on! He was one hell of a teacher."

Right away, the drawings took a big leap forward in the authenticity of their detail and the intensity of their mood and action, he reports, and it was evident that a lot more first-hand research was needed — and wanted. An outdoor john in a local park served as a locale for further investigation into those tantalizing lumps in the soldiers' uniforms — as well as "what to do at a glory hole," he says. After high school the wanderlust hit, and he spent a number of years gathering first-hand experiences and collecting visual data to use in his drawings. He traveled over much of the country, usually "on my thumb, which added a real taste for the bizarre." Strong among the store-house of memories collected during these years are recollections of the lumberjacks he worked with in a logging camp near Mount Ranier in Washington. "They gave us great little two-man bunkhouses to sleep in, and we only got into town one weekend a month. Those loggers got pretty horny in the meantime and some wild scenes went on in the bunkhouses before the 5 o'clock morning whistle sent us out into the woods."

Working as a highway-construction surveyor in Minnesota added more material, as did driving a cab in Chicago ("lots of weirdos when you work the graveyard shift, boy!"), surveying, again, for the Forestry Department in New Mexico ("no bosses to watch over you when you're high up in the Jimenez Mountains alone with a work-buddy whose cock never goes down") and doing a stint in the Navy on the eastern seaboard ("how about hour after idle hour in drydock with nothing else to do but hide out in one of the many unused heads with a huge, humpy Dago bunk-mate"). Some formal training and a growing career as an artist eventually brought Domino to New York City where he now lives and continues his "research."

"Currently," says the artist, "I'm trying to instill in my memory the face and greasy work clothes the manager of a certain New Jersey Amoco station I'm determined to get him alone one of these days, so that I can memorize the rest of him."

Domino
December, 1978



FOOT LOOSE



Get into my shoes, be some guy.
You tongue manstuff but use my toes.

Chew my heel, fucker.
Worship manhood from the ground up.
Kiss my toes. Fill your mouth.
Feel the smooth walls down your throat.
Rub the ball of my heavy foot across
your cheek.

Smell the asshole I footfucked an
hour ago.

Worship manfoot, nuthafuck.
Cry on my foot like some guilty
Magdalene.

Dry the wet and sweet and ass taste
with your growth of beard.
Be my footstool, fucker.

I want your eyes' wild look.
A guy could kick the shit out of you.
Jack Fritscher

Photo: J. Trojanski

DRUMMER



PHOTO BY SPARROW PHOTOGRAPHY

Noodles The

Roman Golden

By Jack Fritscher

INTERVIEW: SOME CHICKENS GIVE YOU FAT LIPS

Good old Noodles is one tough boxer. He has his name, NOODLES ROMANOFF, embroidered in gold script across the back of his maroon sateen robe. He wears a white towel collared around his neck. Noodles is a big blond Pollock. For reasons of the ring, he surrounds himself with the mystery of the last of the Romanovs. He has even adopted the misspelled name of the longlost Russian royal family.

The only thing Noodles has in common with the Czars is he's a bleeder.

BLOOD AND GUTS

Some boxers have glass jaws. Some, jelly bellies. Noodles bleeds. Really bleeds. If it's a pleasure to watch any man do anything well, then Noodles is a triumph of blood. In a ten-round bout, he makes hemophilia seem about as serious as a sneeze.

Noodles is definitely a Pollock's Pollock; he is blond, and hung, with the kind of chub that oozes out of a jock gone to seed. Noodles bloomed early with a Golden Gloves trophy and then he faded.

What else?

The Golden Gloves, after all, is mostly just ugly little boys beating each other up.

Noodles, Brooklyn born and bred, hangs out — where else? — at the Mineshaft. Mostly because he was once on the periphery of the Manhattan Boxing and Wrestling Club (MBWC).

Noodles knows everything about boxing. He's taken more punches than a

off And Gloves



Long Island railway ticket. His cherubic blond cheeks, dragging 30, plump like varicose tomatoes. Ain't nothing pretty about Noodles, except for the boys he picks up. Noodles is an authentic Everlast bum.

Those who can, box. Those who can't, coach.

Noodles coaches.

After all, everybody's got a gimmick.

EVERLAST(ING) LOVE

Noodles has his own complete gym and boxing ring set up in his Bowery flat. Ain't nothing pretty about his flat either. Except for the ring. Noodles has it authenticated down to the laziest Everlast turnbuckle.

"So ya want a exhibition?" Noodles asks. He pulls the leather boxing headgear

down tight around his head. He and his boy for the afternoon each slip the white gum rubber teeth protectors into their mouths. Santa runs. Noodles grins. His only heaves. He dances around under the not overhead light of the ring.

His sparring partner is a young Puerto Rican with a cock he had to fold in half in order to tuck it inside the leather padded sock cup. When he can, if they let him, Noodles casually helps his boys suit up properly. "For their own good," he says. And he is, he's quick to tell them, the coach. "Nothing is too good for Noodle's boys."

SLOW BOXING IN THE BIG CITY

Without boxing, Noodles is a zip.

With his come-on ring, he runs a Better Boogie. What could be a safer reality

than coaching a revolving set of tattooed Appalachian runaways and various shades of brown skinned street toughs?

Noodles likes to try and beat the shit out of smartass kids.

More often, the hot young punks beat the crap out of him.

That suits Noodles. He takes it like a man. He likes the smell of sweet young nigger sweat sparring around him, the feel of a long muscular arm adding at his face. He likes to wait for the guard a young dude drops, so he can smash the wise-ass face hard. He sets the streetcubs up so they punch back. Hard. He likes the clinch of sweaty brown skin against his white Pollock belly; the spit of tortilla breath panting near his ear, the thud of leather gloves, slick with Vaseline, punched into his face. He likes the

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PREMIER
EPISODE

Introducing...



MR. BENSON

By Jack Prescott

DRAWINGS BY BRICK

Nowadays I laugh when I think of the guys in the bars who used to complain about their lovers. They talked about what a hard time they had on a weekend when their dude was in a bad mood, what marks were left once a month when they got the workout they'd been asking for for four weeks. Those dudes didn't know about masters.

They never met Aristotle Benson. He's my master, and, make no mistake about it, I am his slave.

I used to be like them. I once had their illusions and their flightiness. When I first came out I thought *butch* was an insurance salesman in a flannel shirt. Those days, following a Paul Bunyan look-alike into an alley for a taste of golden shower was risky.

Mr. Benson — yes, it's always MISTER Benson — changed all that.

I used to think men in leather and levis were hot numbers only for weekends. I thought life was really about working, a career, making it after a week climbing a ladder of success. But I now know that success is Mr. Benson's cock. However and whenever I can get it.

And weekends used to be sought after. As much for relaxation as for sex. It used to be that they were for shopping, cleaning house, and brunch with friends. Now weekends are the hell I have to suffer through for Mr. Benson.

I remember when I first met him. I was 25 and really proud of myself. Cocky. You know the kind. I had just been cloned and had found out that a moustache, a cute ass, and a smile with keys on the right would find me a daddy for the night. I was one of the ones who always expected the roles to be limited to the bedroom, and that breakfast would be served to me in the morning. I was proud of my looks and what I had learned they would get for me.

I was cocky about it all. I was never nelly, don't get me wrong. I'm 5'10". I was always well built. Not as muscular as I am now that Mr. Benson's put me on a work out schedule he designed, but I had done some gymnastics in college and always kept in shape. And I made them remember that. The cans I'd wear were as tight as possible; the white cotton tee-shirts, tighter. Even in winter in New York, I'd never wear more than a teeshirt under my jacket.

So, there I was, in my skin-molded clothes. I even used to iron my jeans. Jeez! Get the picture? So here I'm having a beer in some pseudo-leather bar down off Christopher Street early on a Saturday night. I was horny and looking for Mr. Goodbar when I walked Mr. Benson instead.

I remember a couple of guys I had tricked with were there and I was drinking beer talking to them about their plant store when I first saw him. He was standing in a corner watching me. He wasn't smiling or glowering. He was just calmly watching me. I now know he must have been assessing me — wondering if he could bend my will and break me.

No. He wasn't wondering if he could do it; he was wondering if he wanted to do it. Mr. Benson never questions his own abilities.

He's still as handsome today as he was that night. I don't know how old he is and I've never dared ask. I do know that he's about 6'1" and that he's the most handsome man I know. He doesn't look like any model or movie star, but he is handsome. I thought then he was maybe 38. I think he looks younger than that now. So who knows?

Mr. Benson doesn't believe in preliminaries. I didn't know that then as I went through all my moves. I really did think I was dynamite in those days. I flashed my smile and showed my teeth, I made sure I stood so my ass stuck out. I made sure my jacket was open so he could see my chest and stomach

through my teeshirt. Mr. Benson never binked an eye. He never turned away. He just stood. Still and aloof.

He was dressed in heavy black boots, button-fly jeans, a washed-out Levi shirt and an old, greasy leather jacket. The jeans weren't all that tight but I could see a huge cock hanging down one side and the levis didn't look make-believe. His hair was jet black and his moustached face was rough-skinned and tanned. I was so turned on to him I could feel my dick drip. I was getting hard and was sure he'd notice. I didn't know that Mr. Benson doesn't ever bother with slaves' cocks. He couldn't care less.

He does care about asses. And mine was itching — just itching for his cock to go up it. I was getting nervous. The man had been looking at me for half an hour and hadn't made a move. I used to think the "man" should make the first step, but while he hadn't left or ignored me, he didn't make any real indication that he was trying to pick me up.

I didn't know then that Mr. Benson thinks slaves should offer themselves.

I do now.

Finally, I did what I had been used to other people doing for me. I went to the bartender and gave him some money to take my nemesis a drink. Rocco knew me well, and I should have taken his advice more seriously.

"Don't do it, man. That one's too heavy for you; he's looking for more'n you have to offer."

I told him to fuck off. He got my dander up. I wasn't going to let anyone say any man was too heavy for me. And what did he mean? I was hot. I knew it. Men always told me I was becoming a good bottom. I sucked cock; I licked ass; I got slapped around; I drank piss, one guy had even gotten a fist up my ass and more than a couple had used a belt on me. A few times, I had done scenes with more than one stud. They'd tied me up, they'd pissed on me, put their jocks in my face, I'd done it all! What a laugh!

I was so dumb that the way I was going, in five more years, I still wouldn't have been ready for Mr. Benson. But he must have decided that he was ready for me.

I finally talked Rocco into taking him a drink. It must have been Black Label scotch; that's all that Mr. Benson will drink in bars. I hope it was. If he had tasted it and it was anything less, he'd have left for sure. Once, I brought the wrong scotch thinking he'd never know the difference... but that's another story.

So Rocco took him the drink and leaned over the bar and must have told him I had bought it. He pointed at me.

Mr. Benson never changed the expression on his face. He left the glass sit.

I was getting hotter and hotter. More and more anxious and more and more horny. I know I stopped smiling. Five minutes later, he hadn't touched his drink. I wasn't bar cruising anymore, my eyes were glued to his crotch. I remember wondering what it would smell like, I remember looking at the undone button on the bottom of his fly and asking myself if I could feel his cock if I put my fingers through there, I remember wondering what Rocco really meant by "too heavy" and I remember sweating. Those must have been the five longest minutes in my life. Standing there thinking about his cock — was it uncut? — and waiting. The bar was starting to fill up as time went on and I was terrified that he'd find someone else to trick with.

I didn't know that Mr. Benson never just tricks.

I couldn't take it anymore. I had to go talk to him before anyone else did. For one thing, I knew my act was falling apart; I knew that I was starting to fidget and move around. I

was, okay, I'll admit it, such a queen then I was afraid I'd turn him off. I've learned since that nothing makes him happier than to see me uncomfortable.

I went over. His eyes watched my approach. Dammit, there was no welcome in them, no warmth, just hard blue color watching me. My stomach did fifteen turnovers for the fifteen steps it took me to reach him. When I finally stood in front of him I could barely force a smile. I stood frozen and must have stuttered when I finally did get out, "Hi."

He looked down at me for a minute — it must have been a full minute — and finally said, "I expect you to call me 'sir.' If you can't manage that then there's no use in going any further is there?"

His voice is still the same, full, booming baritone that hit me like a physical blow. I looked straight up at him. The confusion and game playing ended. Sure, there was still a part of me that was proving to Rocco that no one was too heavy for me, but what really went down was more like one of those Scientology moments when there's perfect clarity. When you know it's real, and now, 'OK, Man' I thought to myself, 'Let's do it this way. Let's see what it's all about.'

At that minute I knew I had always wanted to find out. That I hadn't been wanting to just play games. All that cockiness had been testing. All those smiles and seduction I had been playing had been challenges. And someone was finally accepting my challenge.

I thought, 'I dare you.' I didn't know that Mr. Benson never needs a dare.

"I'm sorry, sir, it won't happen again." It was a good moment. I don't think my voice has ever been so clear and even. I was inexperienced, but I even knew not to emphasize the "sir," it just rolled out as a natural part of the sentence. Anything else would have been mocking him. Mr. Benson does not enjoy mockery.

He barely nodded an acknowledgement, then said, "Turn around."

I turned. Still with a little cockiness left.

"Take off your jacket."

I shucked it with my back still to him, smiling to myself and regaining some of my confidence. No one had ever not been impressed by this body! And the appreciative eyes in the bar helped me remember that.

'They're all looking at me,' I thought, 'A hot little stud showing a hot body to a hot man.' I loved it. I loved the attention and the stares. I didn't notice Rocco's worried face. He knew. I've often wondered how. I've wondered if humpy Rocco ever stood like that in a bar, taking off his jacket in front of a Mr. Benson, flexing those pumped up arms of his, making his tattoos move around.

"Turn around."

Back to his face. So handsome. 'Yeah, man, what'd you think of that!'

"You're wearing undershorts. I don't like that. And your shirt's for shit. Get into the toilet and strip off the shirt and the shorts and throw them away." It all came out in a smooth, deep tone.

I was lucky. I started to stutter to protest, but I caught myself in time. I saw his face stiffen just before I started to speak. My clarity returned. 'O.K., you've always wanted this. You've always wanted a real man. Don't fuck up your chance.' I stayed quiet and said "Yes, sir." I was surprising myself.

The kind of pride I felt as I crossed the bar to the john was a new sensation. I was showing them what I could do. I was going to display how much of a man I was. Not just a flitting little number. This still unknown dude and I were going to show them.

In the smelly, dark room I peeled off my t-shirt and pulled my jeans down over the sneakers I wore in those days. (More true confessions: in those days I still thought sneakers looked hot with jeans and a brown leather bomber jacket. Mr. Benson's changed a lot of things.) An older man watching me strip was shocked. He stood with his mouth open. He got really shakey when I tossed my jockey shorts down and my almost full hardon popped out, sticking straight into the air. I was hot now, wanting to get back to my man. The voyeur's Adam's apple jumped up and down like the knob of a pogo stick when I pulled my jeans up again and zipped them. I took the underwear up in my hand and nearly put it on the shelf by the door where I could get it later. 'No,' I told myself, 'No games.'

I realized that if I didn't enter into this fully, it wouldn't come off. Maybe I wasn't quite so stupid as I remember. I took the wadded up cotton and tossed it into an overflowing toilet. I never did see what that older guy made of all that!

I walked out and back across the bar to stand in front of my new found adversary. What would he do now. Mr. Benson didn't fail me; but then he never has. He checked my body with the appreciate eye of a wholesale butcher. I could feel him take in every little ripple of flesh. My personal transformation continued; I didn't mind this ritual; I was pleased to have finally have found out why I had bothered with all those exercises: I had needed them to present a body good enough for this man's pleasure.

My nipples were almost flat in those days. They were nickel sized circles of brown flesh until Mr. Benson started to take a personal interest in their education. But still, when he reached up and his hand started to rub a thumb back and forth across their surface, it set flashes of sensation through my whole upper torso. I forced a deep breath and unconsciously spoke: "Oh, please, Sir."

"Please, what?" the thumb kept going back and forth. "What do you want, boy?"

My stiff cock was rubbing against the unfamiliar denim and my mind was one with that thumb as it moved over and over my chest. I couldn't find words.

"Boy, we're in trouble if a little touch to your tit is going to do this to you."

"I can take more, Sir! I want more, Sir!"

I didn't really know what they meant, but I soon found out as the thumb stopped and joined a finger to clasp the nipple tightly. I had been watching the hand's progress. When it stopped, my eyes quickly moved up to confront him. 'Okay, man, what do you think you're going to do?' I tried to act real brave as he stared at me and started pressing harder. Slowly, his hand started twisting my soft nipple one way, then the other; each time a little further, a little harder. I was breathing through my mouth soon; the breath came in little gasps; finally I shut my eyes trying to block out the growing pain.

But it felt good, too! Oh did it ever! I kept visualizing the strong, hairy forearms as they twisted my tits. Finally, I broke and carefully reached up and put my hand on Mr. Benson's forearm. I guess I just rested it there, my new consciousness telling me that any more would have been failure; that maybe I had already failed.

But he kept going. Did I expect anything else? He kept pressing harder and twisting more. My face muscles contorted in pain, my mouth opened wider. I felt his nails start to dig into that tender area. My eyes re-opened to see him smiling with pleasure at my pain, and, I suppose, at my taking it. My hand rested passively on moving tendons under his warm, hairy flesh.

"Please, Sir!"

There was no cockiness in that whimper. His smile broadened and he removed his short nails from my tit. A wave of relief rushed through me.

He moved his hand up to my face and gently inserted his thumb into my mouth. I started to suck on this first oral contact with him. I was greedy as my tongue bathed him inside me and grateful that his hand was in my mouth instead of back on my chest.

"Now, boy, don't ever tell me you can take more unless you mean it, understand?"

I shook his hand up and down in agreement.

"That's good. Now you think you've had enough, or do you think you're ready for me?" My eyes half-closed to look more directly at him as I nodded yes again. I was, or was ready, to find out.

"That's good. Now let's get a few things straight. You've been acting real uppity this past hour — showing off your ass and parading in front of all these guys. I take it you think you're hot. You aren't. You're an asshole to fuck! Nothing better, nothing worse. You're a punk piece of meat to be used however I choose. No challenges, no backtalk, no hesitations. If I want to fuck you on top of a steeple, you'll climb it."

I nodded again, his voice was talking right to my crotch and rubbing my cock even harder against the rough cloth.

"You do what I say with that mouth of yours, and keep it shut otherwise."

Still more nodding. By now, I was in no mood to argue.

with those blue eyes of his as they drilled me to the floor.

"I'm taking you to my place now." My nodding picked up speed. He plopped his thumb out of my mouth. He reached behind his back and pulled a pair of handcuffs. Not even watching he kept looking right at me and expertly clasped one hand.

"Turn around."

I snapped to, leaving my bracketed wrist with him; he grabbed my other hand. I didn't dare look up to see how many eyes were watching me now. I had left off performing for others and was into my own world with this man.

His hand nudged me forward. (I did notice him picking up my jacket.) His hand now grasped my bicep propelling me to the front door. Outside, the cool night air blew across my naked chest. I relaxed after an initial shiver. The man had taken over. No sense fighting now.

New York cab drivers have seen everything, I guess. The one Mr. Benson flagged down didn't even look twice as I was shoved into the back seat of his hack. Mr. Benson climbed in right behind me and gave the driver an address on lower Fifth Avenue. I was surprised and a little frightened I had ended up in the hands of a fake. I had pegged him for Chelsea or Clinton, or, maybe, the East Village. But, the three of us sat silently as the driver wheeled over to the appointed place. When we arrived I was even more worried. It was one of the fancy high rises that line the blocks just north of Washington Square Park. A very unfriendly, very big, very black doorman was waiting. He pulled open the door. I nearly panicked thinking my captor must be an out of town guest who was about to get both us and his host into a lot of trouble.

"Evenin', Mr. Benson. Got yourself a hot one, huh?" The massive uniformed male beamed down at me. I couldn't believe it as he reached in and pulled me out onto the sidewalk while Mr. Benson paid the fare and finally stepped out himself. (But it was the first time I heard his name. I made sure I didn't forget it.)

"Yes. Time for a little fresh meat, Tom." I may have been ready for Mr. Benson, but I wasn't ready for the late-night strollers approaching us. I was more than a little relieved when they led me into the building lobby and right into the elevator. I was to learn that Mr. Benson was a wealthy man. Even without the wealth he probably couldn't have cared less what people thought of him, though. Not with an ego that big.

We silently rode to the top floor.

"Have a nice night, now," the doorman smiled as he reached for the gate. I had expected to walk into a corridor and, already grateful for not having met any other tenants, hoped none would suddenly show up now. But the gate revealed a door which Mr. Benson used his own key to unlock. I was about to enter my first and last real penthouse in New York City.

Mr. Benson's apartment, of course, wasn't full of Bloomingdale's shit. His style was more California ranch house with a large fireplace dominating the space, rugs over bare wood floors, and stucco walls. Sliding glass doors lead to a terrace. But, I wasn't invited to look at views and you're not reading this for a lesson on butch interior decorating. From where I stood there was only one large room; I had no idea which doors were what.

Mr. Benson, obviously, wasn't in no mood to give me a guided tour. He left me standing in the doorway while he walked over and lit the firewood already in place. When it was well started he stood and turned to face me. He smiled, as though he were pleased I was so vulnerable. What had he expected? I was half-naked, cold, and slightly shivering with my wrists cuffed behind me and my mind still reeling over the trip from the bar to this apartment. The mindset of subservience which I had begun to assume had almost left. He brought it back.

He took off his leather jacket and tossed it over mine on the couch. Then he went to a large leather chair near the fire and dropped himself down, all the while smiling at me. He spread his long legs and kneaded the bulge. He pumped enough hard manhood to remind myself why I was there.

"Come here, boy."

When I stood in front of him, his eyes motioned for me to kneel. His foot spread my knees when I went down between his legs, looking deep into his crotch. I worked to taste his heat again. He went into his shirt pocket and invisibly retrieved a popper which he snapped and put to my nostrils.

The Real Thing hit me. Hard.

His deep voice started again. "Now, boy, you're here to suck cock, aren't you?" I nodded gently through the yellow amyl.

"You're going to do it good, boy?"

"Oh, yes, Sir!" My mind started its acrobatics. Was it cut? Would there be skin for my tongue to play with? Would it be clean or full of cheese? I wanted to know. The amyl made me eager to sniff it out. My head dove down, ignoring the strong hand which pressed the cloth hard against my nose. He kept me just a few inches from the buttons on his levis. I moaned right out loud when I was stopped short of my goal. The aroma washed through my skull, waves of heat eating up my inhibitions, all of my being full of cock thoughts.

He suddenly dropped the popper as his hand drew back and quickly, sharply, savagely slapped my face.

"Who ordered you to go for that yet?" Anger and shock shook the amyl from me.

"What the fuck..."

"You wait till you earn that cock."

I nearly veiled out, but his voice started again.

"Do you want to earn that cock, boy?" His voice slid down to a more deepballed register.

"Yes, Sir!" I said smartly. I got my words out just as another popper broke open against my nose and the rush came on again.

"What'll you do for that cock, boy?" His hand left my mouth free to respond this time. The amyl started my jaws forming words.

"I'll suck it, Sir." My voice was muffled but the words came out and every breath brought with it more of the sharp, sweet air.

"Anyone'll do that."

"I'll lick your ass, Sir..."

"...and?"

"I'll lick your balls, Sir..."

"...and?"

"I'll drink your piss, Sir..."

"...and?"

"I'll clean your boots, Sir..."

"...and?"

"I'll lick your whole body, Sir."

"...and?"

"I'll give you my ass, Sir..."

"Come on, boy, come up with something real. Any fairy will do those things for me." The amyl was petering out and my imagination was going with it. What more could I offer? I knew I had a lot to learn. I had just put more into words than I had ever dared. Mr. Benson was definitely going to de-clone me!

He took away the dead popper. As oxygen took over, I looked up, taking my eyes away from his crotch for the first time. My chest was heaving for pure air. I sweat from the warmth of the fire. I met his eyes and said the words: "I'll be your slave, Sir."

He smiled like a proud school teacher.

"That's right, boy, you'll be my slave."

It wasn't the popper that sent my stomach reeling now. It was the *intensity* of those words as we exchanged them. Real. Hard.

He leaned back in his chair and unbuttoned his pants. He reached in and pulled out a handful of hairy balls and a big, fat cock.

"Now, don't you dare touch these, boy; look at my cock and balls and study them. Think what they'd taste like; how your nose'd feel rubbed down in there; feel how good the skin would be against your lips. What your tongue would press against. But you touch my meat before I let you..."

The last word was strung out so long it was a sentence onto itself. But, I had figured out by now that these dares weren't to be tested. I sat on my haunches and watched Mr. Benson get a hardon.

His cock filled slowly without any extra help. It filled up with thick purple veins weaved around the shaft, growing up the pole, and slowly disappearing into his full foreskin.

Mr. Benson was uncult.

This was the kind of skin that covered his prick, with only a pink slit showing over the folds, bunched on top. The cock kept growing till it was hard and then started to jump up in little jerks when it reached his belt. I have never wanted

anything as badly as I wanted to taste the cheese on the shaft of Mr. Benson's cock

"Look good?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Why isn't your tongue hanging out?" I took his question as an order. Breathing through my mouth made me look like a panting dog. That's okay, I was. Hot drool trickled down the sides of my mouth.

Another popper snapped. I quickly took my eyes from his cock. I was terrified of breaking his commandment. I looked down at his balls just as the new rush pushed inside my head.

It was a grave mistake. Cocks may rule a lot of people, both the ones who have them and those that want them. But if any part of Mr. Benson's body is worth worshipping — and most of it is — his balls are the most deserving. They're heavy ovals pulling down on a nearly hairless, silky looking sac. The weight stretches the skin taut across their surface, small dark purple red lines crisscross their flesh. The skin folds luxuriously back up to the same place his cock begins.

I have never ever needed poppers to worship Mr. Benson's balls.

The amyl took over again. This time its power aided by the accumulation of the previous capsules. I was in a frustrated ecstasy of pleasure, my tongue hanging out, my spit flowing down my chin, my new master's cock and balls on an altar of denim in front of me. I knew I could touch, I shouldn't touch. I wanted to follow orders. I wanted to deserve all this. I wanted to taste, but I wanted to obey. I was confused. I was stopped short in my mind. Slowly, slowly I started to weep in frustration, salty tears flowing down to join my spit. I was turning into a cockworshipping animal.

"Now we start, boy."

Mr. Benson meant business.

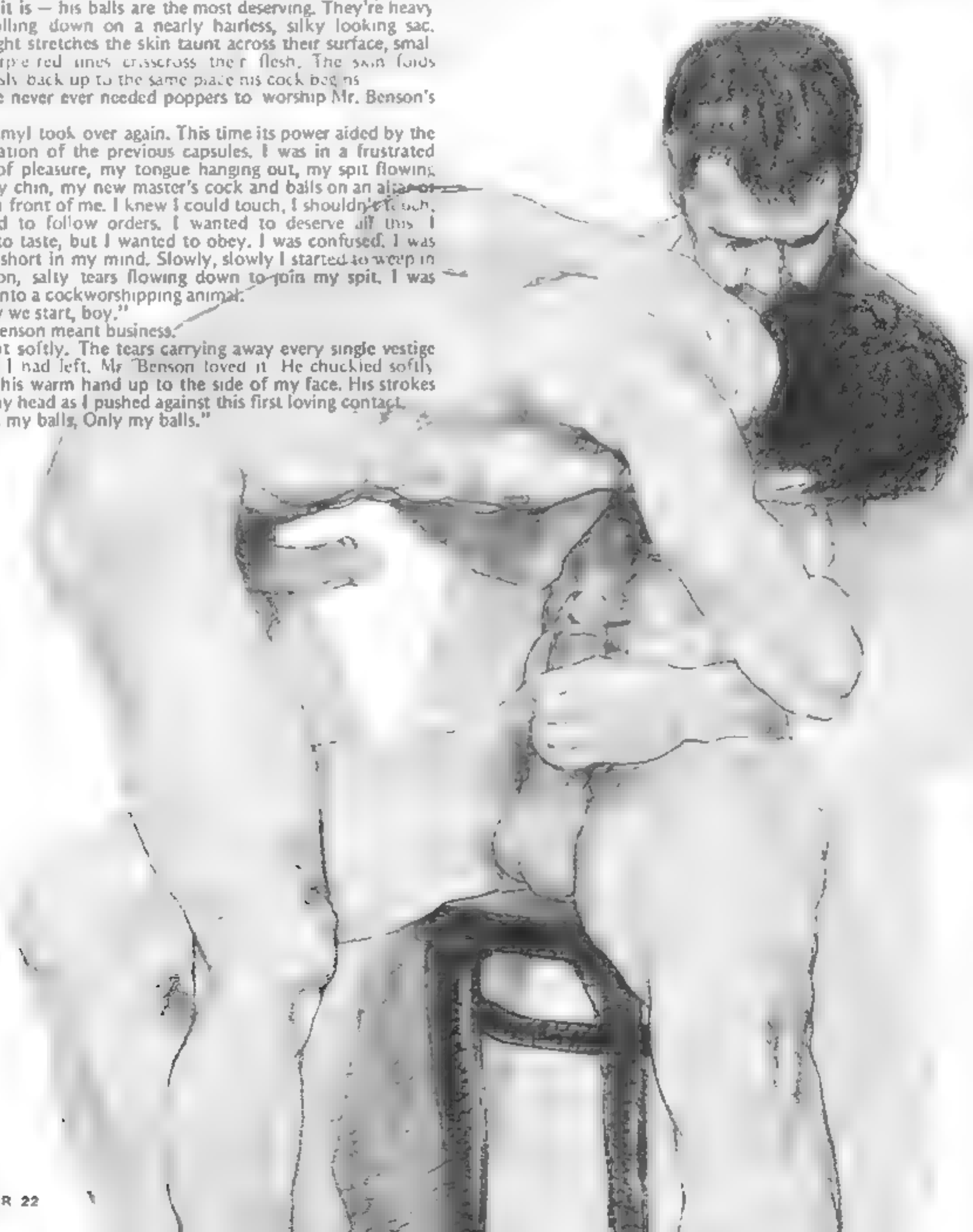
I wept softly. The tears carrying away every single vestige of pride I had left. Mr. Benson loved it. He chuckled softly and put his warm hand up to the side of my face. His strokes patted my head as I pushed against this first loving contact.

"Lick my balls. Only my balls."

I went more slowly this time pressing my face softly at first, taking in the sweat odor of stale piss and sweat and putting my tongue meekly against the sacs. I pulled up on them, taking a tentative taste, then again, and a third time. Soon I was slurping the eggs the length of their reach each time, having to have to bend my whole body for each movement.

"Good boy! Now lick my cock. Just lick. Just lick the shaft. Don't put it in your mouth!"

My lips moved up and traced those thick veins, beginning at the ball skin, going up in three-inch moves, nearing the purple plum at the top. Each time I got to the peak, I'd drop back and start up again. My whole body wanted to suck in that



cock, but there was something else happening now: Mr. Benson was turned on! His prick was bobbing up and down as I worked on it. I know Mr. Benson loves that now; I know he'd let me do it for an hour at a time, but that night I guess we were both caught up in the moment 'cause next thing I knew his big hands worked me up from the floor.

"Stand up!"

As soon as I was upright, he popped my jeans and pulled them down to my ankles. He remained in the chair. Now he slipped back into the seat and said, "My boots, asshole."

My jeans bound my ankles as effectively as the handcuffs my wrists. I dropped down on my knees again and leaned over, resting my open mouth on the rough leather. My mind flipped into acrobatics again, changing my whole view of myself and this man. The cocky clone of two hours ago was disappearing. Now I was earning it! Earning everything I was going to get that night, the next day, the next month . . . I was working for it! The real animal thing!

Mr. Benson moved my face over to the next boot.

No words.

None necessary.

My thoughts traveled in ways I never would have predicted. All I wanted right then was to have this man wearing the best-looking boots in New York. I wanted him to be proud of how each one gleamed with the care I was putting in cleaning them. I was polishing them with my own spit; I rinsed them with my own tongue.

He pulled my head up. I nearly fought again: I wasn't finished! But he was pleased. He spit full in my face to prove it. I didn't have a chance to enjoy that; he pivoted me around a full half circle and pushed me flat on my face again. The rough wool rug wasn't nearly as inviting as his boots.

His foot spread my knees as far apart as the binding jeans would allow. It reached in between the legs and pulled my ass straight up in the air until my shoulders and neck were my only support. The boot kneaded my balls, played with my cock and finally began rubbing up and down the naked crack of my ass. Each time it passed my asshole, I couldn't help but shudder at the vulnerable contact.

Suddenly the shiny leather was gone and I heard and felt Mr. Benson as he leaned over, spit on my hole and cracked my cheek all in one movement. I started, but knew not to move. He began a deep, slow conversation with my ass, punctuating with increasingly sharp blows on the flesh.

"Pretty hole, waiting for daddy to fill it"

Crack!

"... waiting for his big cock ."

Snip

"... hungry for his fist ."

Bang!

"... Wants to suck his cum ..."

Smack!

"... drink his piss ..."

Mr. Benson stood and walked around to face my side. He stuck his boot back in my face. My mouth opened, grateful for the diversion from my rear still sticking in the air. But I knew what the movement of cloth above me meant and couldn't help but groan in anticipation of the cutting whirl of his belt as it streaked down to mark my offered body. My groan grew to a cry as I heard his arm pull the belt back up and again speed the leather back down on my ass. I desperately gnawed at his boot, knowing he couldn't feel it, but hoping I could stop myself from feeling the welts growing as the black line left its red imprint again . . . and again . . . and again.

I couldn't believe that my ass was still in the air when he finally finished. My mouth still silently worked on his boot, the only sound in the room was our heaving breath.

"Pretty ass, baby." You could almost hear him smile. "And it's never looked better."

He took the boot away from me and went back to his chair. My butt burned, but my hole was open to the cool air. I heard him rummaging through something behind me. Then I felt a damp hand at once cool on my cheeks and warm on my hole. Damp with grease. His hand moved into me first by one finger; he added a second and then a third. He massaged me expertly. He loosened the remaining resistance of my already defeated ring and slowly brought his thumb and final finger in. He pushed against the little wall I had left. I felt his knuckles glide in after them. I let out a slight "aah" as I felt myself gratefully embrace his squared wrist.

We stayed like that for a while. Joined like that. My body in Mr. Benson's grip. He feeling my whole being. He knelt down finally, and staying behind me, he pushed further into me. I couldn't help but groan with each thrust.

I heard him pumping his cock as he probed me. I listened as his inhaling picked up speed to keep pace with his fast-moving foreskin. I had wanted that cock so badly. I had worked so hard for it. But I guess I knew I had won more than just his cock and I was content to grip harder on his forearm and feel its hairs tickle me as he pumped, and he pumped until finally the hot rush of his cum came showering over my back.

His hand withdrew from me almost as slowly and carefully as it had entered. I felt a sudden emptiness. I knelt up and shook my head to clear it. I sat back on my haunches, still with my back to him. The confusion of emotions inside me went from defeat to elation, with fatigue the overriding them all. I closed my eyes, hoping to rest. But Mr. Benson wasn't finished "Turn around!"

I turned and finally faced him again. A towel had appeared and he was wiping his arm. His smile was satisfied, I hoped.

"You're a good piece of ass."

He finished with the towel and tossed it on the floor. He stood and once again his cock and those beautiful balls were in front of me. How did I ever get the strength to turn on again? He reached over behind me and undid the handcuffs. I brought my sore wrists in front of me and rubbed them gratefully.

His cock bobbed in my eyes. "You want to beat off?"

"Yes, Sir." My voice was something less than a whisper.

He chuckled. His hand offered his cock to my lips. I took in the silky half-flaccid tool. My eyes went to his and saw his pleasure at the scene as I worked my own prick. My tongue went around the pole, my mind concentrating once again on this essence of my man's being.

I should have expected it. What else could he have been planning? "Spill one drop and you're going to be in big trouble." The flow began weakly; the salty, acidic fluid easily pouring down my throat. He had picked up his belt again and was laying it on my bare shoulders. He was daring me! He would have loved nothing more than such an easy excuse to use that leather on my back, just the way he had on my ass. The piss came more quickly and grew into a gush. I swallowed, swallowed as fast as I could, to get all of the golden liquid down inside of me, drinking this man-water just as I had embraced his arm. Wanting him in my very guts. Wanting to please him. Wanting to escape the punishment that would have come from the slightest infraction of his rules.

It lessened. The flow receded back to a trickle. He probably was disappointed in one way that I had taken all of that, all the piss he could pump into me at once. But his eyes betrayed another emotion.

The fucker was proud of me! He was proud that I had taken all his piss, his fist, his beatings, his ego. I had become a prized possession. I could just feel it.

Smiling again, still, he lifted me to my feet and embraced me. I stepped out of my jeans while he quietly went around and turned off the lights. Then he led me to one of the closed doors and opened it to reveal a perfectly masculine bedroom, one dominated with a king-sized bed sheathed with black leather whose odor filled the air. There were a couple leather upholstered chairs off to one side, and large, heavy wooden dressers. There was still another set of french windows with another beautiful view.

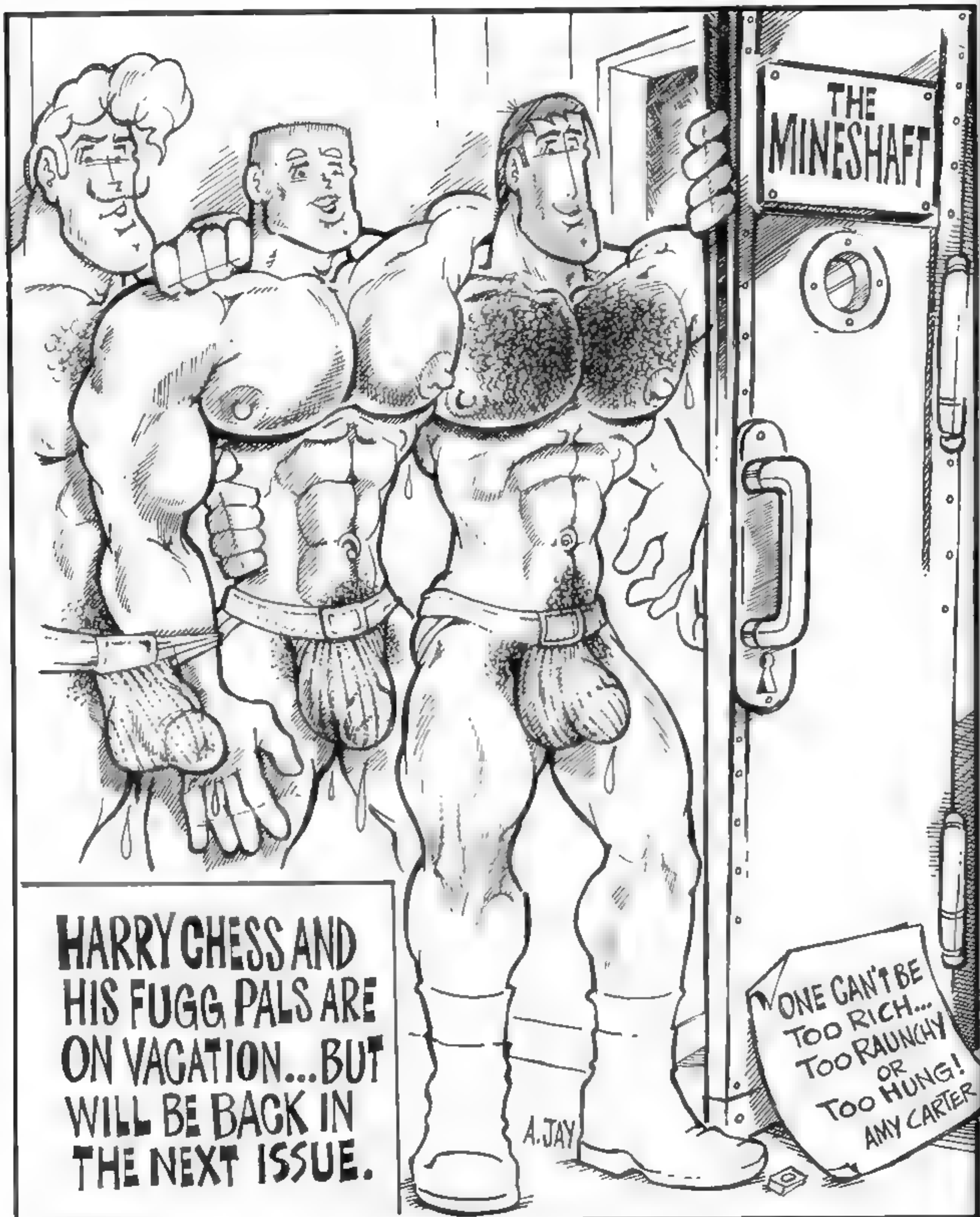
My mind felt the soothing sheets envelope me while his strong body lay beside me. My neck longed as much for the large pillow under the spread as it did for the strength of his arm around me. My ass waited for a comforting mattress as much as it did his stroking hand.

I'd wanted to sleep with my face turned in his sweaty armpit.

Mr. Benson went over to a closet and opened it. He pulled out a large form I couldn't figure out. He tossed it to the corner of the room nearest me. "Sleep there. You've a long day ahead tomorrow." And he walked over to that throne-like bed and crawled — alone — between its heavy covers. I was stunned, but I crawled over to my corner and spread the sleeping bag out on the floor. Already naked, I crawled in and closed my eyes. There was no other way I should have expected to spend my first night in Mr. Benson's house.

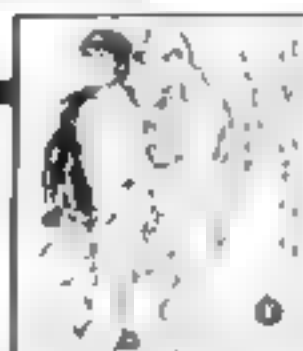
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DRUMMER 23



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ASTROLOGIC

TAURUS S (Apr. 20—May 20): You bull-headed, sawed-off sadist need to corral a few masochistic fillies for Mother's Day. Start your round-up this month.

TAURUS M: Hurry to get your ass roped-up, branded, plowed and pasturized. You'll thank yourself in the morning.

GEMINI S (May 21—June 30): Two heads are better than one, so make two slaves give you head at the same time.

GEMINI M: Find a Gemini twin who's into doubling his pleasure by sharing your master's balls.

CANCER S (June 21—July 21): Have a May Day March... all over some slave's hot body.

CANCER M: Hit the floor with fantasies of boots marching over Red Square, past the Kremlin, and across your face.

LEO S (July 22—Aug. 21): Spring is just getting under way. Better buy a sand box so your slaves won't shit the house during the rainy season.

LEO M: Every time you forget the litter box and crap in a corner, you're going to get a whipping. Oh, well, there goes another fine carpet.

VIRGO S (Aug. 22—Sept. 22): Throw your very own Full Moon Party. Take your favorite masochist out and force him to moon a tour bus.

VIRGO M: Does a May full moon cause you to froth at the mouth and hair to grow on your face? Maybe it's time for a complete body shave!

LIBRA S (Sept. 23—Oct. 22): It does get tired maintaining constant equilibrium when one is born under the sign of the scales. Just for the hell-of-it, fuck someone who's mentally unbalanced.

LIBRA M: Speaking of scales, have your Master put weights on your testicles and see if he can make them balance out.

SCORPIO S (Oct. 23—Nov. 21): What better way to celebrate Memorial Day than to dress up your all your slaves in military uniforms and make them stand at attention from now to Monday the 28th.

SCORPIO M: Run, don't walk, to the nearest uniform store. Your next erection will include your entire body.

SAGITTARIUS S (Nov. 22—Dec. 21): Beach weather is just beginning across the country. Take your unruliest M to the shore and make him swim among the jelly fish.

SAGITTARIUS M: Hate the beach because all the hot numbers drool over your Master? Good! You deserve to suffer.

CAPRICORN S (Dec. 22—Jan. 20): Spring fashions are making their debut. Time to think about a new wardrobe in the latest Leathers by Mr. Blackwell.

CAPRICORN M: Don't get overly excited. The only thing you're getting is a club, a cow, and a sewing kit!

AQUARIUS S (Jan. 21—Feb. 19): Take your best M to see *The Deer Hunter*, but don't let him cum during the violent parts.

AQUARIUS M: Get that new instant movie camera and make your own film. Mix and match the best parts of *Deer Hunter* and *Midnight Express* with a lot of *Wakefield Poole*.

PISCES S (Feb. 20—Mar. 20): Throw your very own Memorial Day Uniform Party. Make World War II look like foreplay.

PISCES M: Get really tanked at your Master's party; may I suggest a Sherman tank?

ARIES S (Mar. 21—Apr. 19): Don't think only about yourself this holiday. Chain up your slave's mother!

ARIES M: This is the part where your Master finds out what a mother-fucker you really are!

by Aristide



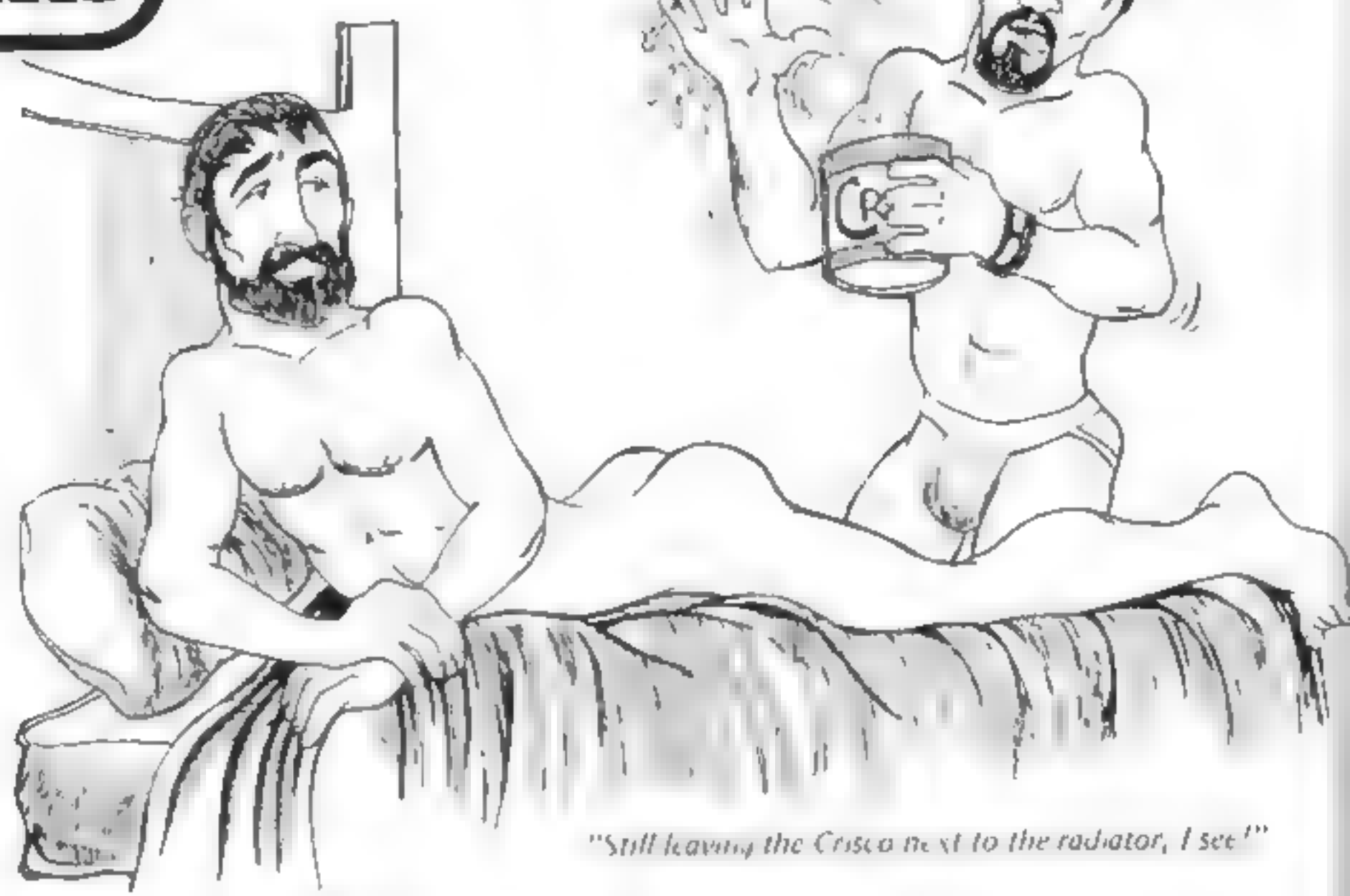
TAURUS

APRIL 20 • MAY 20



DRAWING BY RAUL FLORES

DRUMSTICKS



"Still leaving the Crisco next to the radiator, I see!"



"Am I into any heavy S&M stuff? ... Shit, no! ... I'm not into ANYTHING like that!"

WALDEN 78

BOOM
SECTION

PRISON PUNK

By Frank
O'Rourke



PART 3

The night before had been a new experience for me. I think the one thing that heightened the whole thing for me was the hood. When Chuck had encased my head in the hood, I felt a deep apprehension since I was unable to tell what to expect next. The dildo and the tit clamps put the sexual trip on a plane where pain had its own sexuality. I would never have believed that it would have been possible to get off on mere pain. Deep in my own sense of awareness, I felt that Chuck was not giving his all, either because this was not really his trip, that sheer dominance was what he got off on, or he had come to care for me which inhibited him from fully expressing his sadistic bent.

I pondered these matters the next day, but I was unable to come to any resolution. The morning began in the same manner with me sucking Chuck's cock and drinking his piss. I knew that the next day would be different because tonight I would be staying with Jerry in his cell while Tillie the Toilet would be occupying my bed. I shrugged mentally because I knew that Chuck would use Tillie during the night.

The day passed much quicker than I had expected. When we locked up for count before the evening meal, Chuck was quiet and he kept his hands off of me which was unusual. I felt that he was having second thoughts and I hoped that he would change his mind.

After the count, Chuck lit a cigarette. "We're going to eat with Jerry tonight. You go back to the cell with him after supper, since his tier will be the first one out at shower time and they'll lock it tier up right afterwards. I'll be working in the shack with me."

"Yes, sir," I hung my head because I was feeling very low and a bit apprehensive because I suspected that Jerry was into a heavier S&M bag than Chuck.

"Now, let me straighten you out on one thing. Jerry and I are asshole buddies from way back. You do whatever he tells you to and don't shame me, or you'll regret it. Understand?"

I barely nodded my head.

"Speak up, punk, I can't hear you," he growled.

"Yes, sir!"

I ate supper and had little to say. I paid no attention to the exchange between the hunky dudes on each side of me. I spied Tillie the Toilet across the room sitting alone at the four-man table with a saw-toothed lanky dude who I knew was called, "Country Boy." It seemed as though they were arguing.

"Well, I'm glad I'm not the only one with troubles," I thought.

Chuck walked ahead of us as we left the dining room and went to the back of the cellhouse without saying anything to me. I followed Jerry up to the fifth tier to his cell. Jerry pushed the door open and I followed him into the cell. I immediately spotted the bag of toys against the cell's back wall. Jerry must have picked them up while I was out of the cell.

"Strip," Jerry went to the back of the cell to brush his teeth as I removed my clothing. "Fold them up and put them on the shelf, you won't need them until breakfast."

Sitting, I placed them on a bare spot on the shelf which lined the back of the cell, standing up to hip with Jerry. Slapping me on the ass, he told me to stretch out on the lower bunk.

"You don't ever get into my bed. The lower bunk is strictly for whores and punks and you, cumbag, are a punk. If you were mine, I'd probably make you into a whore."

"Sir?"

"What?"

"Shall I wrap a towel around me during count?"

"Fuck, no. I don't give a shit if the warden, himself, makes the count. You stay buck in this cell."

In the past few days Chuck had me sit on the toilet or wrap a towel around me during the count. Matters tonight were going to be really different and I wondered just how unusual they would prove. When the cellhouse bell rang for the count we stood in the doorway with a hand on the bars. Jerry was fondling the cheek of my ass with his free hand. The guard stopped in front of the cell and I was wondering if he had forgotten the count. He started up, shaking his head as he passed the next cell.

"We're the first ones out for showers. Wash yourself good and don't talk to anybody but Chuck. After you finish showering pick up a towel for me and a pair of socks for me. I'll be back up to the cell later."

"Yes, sir."

"Fifth tier, showers," the tier tender hollered at the end of

the block as he released the bar.

I walked down the tier to the stairs with the towel in my hand and two pairs of dirty socks in my hand. Everyone else either wore their levis or had their towels wrapped around their waists. Hands brushed against the cheeks of my ass, as if by accident. I was being turned on by it and was afraid that I would get to the shower area with a roaring hard-on.

As I dropped the towel and socks on the bench and stepped into the shower, I could see Chuck standing in the doorway of the clothing shack. He gave no indication that he saw me, but I knew that he did. Behind him I could see Tillie the Toilet rolling socks. Had they gotten together already, I wondered.

I hurried to shower so I could go over to the shack. Jerry stood in the doorway, talking to Chuck. I threw the wet towel and dirty socks into the laundry bags. Tillie gave me two pairs of socks and two clean bath towels. "Give him another one, he'll probably need it before the night is over."

"Don't worry, baby, I'll take care of the big hunk of man," simpered Tillie. Jerry and Chuck broke out laughing as I felt myself redden in embarrassment. I don't think I ever hated anyone so much in my entire life.

"Get your ass upstairs. After you stash the towels and socks. Heat up some coffee with the stinger behind the light. I want hot coffee when I get home. When you get done, sit on the slitter and don't act off if it for any reason. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," I said. The humiliation was almost too much, especially in front of Tillie who clung to Chuck's arm.

I was propositioned half-heartedly by various dudes as I went back upstairs, but no one tried to force himself on me. They were playing it smart because they knew if they tried to force me into something the shit would hit the fan.

After heating the water by plugging the heating element into a plug by the fluorescent lamp and allowing the exposed element to lie in the large jar of cold water, the water became heated rapidly. Since I didn't know how long it would take Jerry, I didn't think it would be smart to make the coffee until he got to the cell, so I sat naked on the bare porcelain toilet bowl. I had an idea that I would be sorry if I made Jerry mad.

Just before the guard called for the tier to lock up, Jerry swept into the cell, slamming the steel barred door behind him.

He made two cups of coffee and handed me one. "Stand by the door and keep an eye out for the screw." I took my cup and watched him open the bag of toys. He pulled out the hood and laid it in the center of the bed. Next to it, he placed a huge dildo which I hadn't seen before. Three different butt plugs joined the parade with metal, plastic and wooden tit clamps. My tits physically gasped, sinking deeper into the corona surrounding them.

"Come here a minute," I walked over to his side. "Put the coffee on the back shelf and grab your ankles." My cock started to get hard which was incomprehensible to me since fear always made it shrink. I held on to my ankles as I watched Jerry pick up the medium sized butt plug from the bed. He positioned its tapered point against my anal sphincter. The palm of his hand rested on its base. Unlike Chuck, he didn't twist it gently into my ass, instead he drove it into the aperture almost making me lose my balance. I knew I was tight and the searing pain almost made me cry out. Its bulk filled my ass and the base of the cone prevented it from slipping out.

"That's how I like you, punk, I like you constantly reminded of coming attractions. Now, get your funky ass back to the door."

As I reached the doorway, a blonde bearded dude I had seen around the weight lifting area came up to the cell door. He was wearing prison whites which meant he either worked in the kitchen or the hospital.


"Here's that Ben Gay you asked for Jerry," he said as he tossed a tube on my bed. His eyes caught sight of the protruding butt plug while he looked me over.

"Thanks, man. I was afraid you might not get it here tonight. Tomorrow would have been too late."

"Well, you could always use it on Tillie the Toilet."

"Fuck that cow, man. I wouldn't screw her with your cock. Anyway, she and Country Boy have something going."

"You'd better watch that Country. He's a fucking psycho. They had him locked up in the nut house at Vacaville for a while."



While this conversation was being pursued, the blonde was eyeing me as he massaged a growing protuberance inside of his white pants.

"Is this Chuck's slave?"

"Yeah, I've got him for the night. Believe me, it'll be a night he won't forget."

"I'm going to try to make next Friday's game. I sure want some of that."

"Would you like a sample now?"

"Man, I don't want no shit with Chuck."

"Man, Chuck told me he's mine for the night and I can do anything I want to with him, except fist fuck him. I think Chuck wants first dibs on that."

"Man, I could sure use a head job."

"You heard the man. Get on your fucking knees and lock those hands behind you."

Photo from the Zeus Collection

As I knelt on the cold concrete floor, the blonde positioned himself directly in front of me and after a short struggle he managed to produce a huge uncircumsized cock. As he peeled the skin back, I could see a bit of head cheese which had formed around the base of the prepuce. He shoved the long, fat cock through the bars at me.

[illegible]

"Bull shit," retorted Jerry. "If he'd been so good, you'd have gotten your nuts off sooner."

"Take it easy, babe. I want more of you. Don't worry about Jerry, he's not a bad dude."

As soon as the blonde had left, Jerry told me to squat against the wall in front of him as he sat on my bunk.

You're probably new to the scene, to me what a fuck told me, but I could tell in the "hope" that you're looking for "humiliation and sexual abuse scene". He reached into his shirt pocket and pulled out a pack of cigarettes. After he had lit one, without offering one to me, he continued "S&M to me is a way of life. I first met Chuck at the Arabash on Harrison. It's a leather bar in San Francisco, I had a slave at the time. I'd been through the vanilla sex scene, but I never got anything out of it. You probably think a topman is a unique character, but you know I haven't found very many better men worth a shit. Sure there are more of them, but they've got so many hangups. I'd rather beat off than screw around with most of them. I hope Chuck breaks you in right because I

think you've got the potential of being a good slave."

I was getting cramped in my awkward position and the butt plug seemed to have a life of its own as I flexed my buttocks to shift my weight. It stirred like a human prong without really moving.

The young guard I had met when I first moved into the cellhouse stopped outside of the barred door.

the door. I could see Long cranking his neck to get a look at me.

"Come here, West,"
I stood and approached the bars. "You all right?"
"Yes, sir," I said. My concern was turning to embarrassment as I saw Long appreciatively scanning my naked body.

"No, I don't guess so. Just don't do this again, West, or I'll

[illegible]

about him when he got a look at your fine bod'. You know, I've been looking for a mule."

Chuck. Maybe, we can make a trade off, your ass for whatever we need."

Jeffy went back to the middle of my bank. He reached under the bed and pulled out a box. Rummaging through its contents he extracted a piece of plastic and a wide rubber band.

Jerry hefted my bills in his hands. He rolled them and

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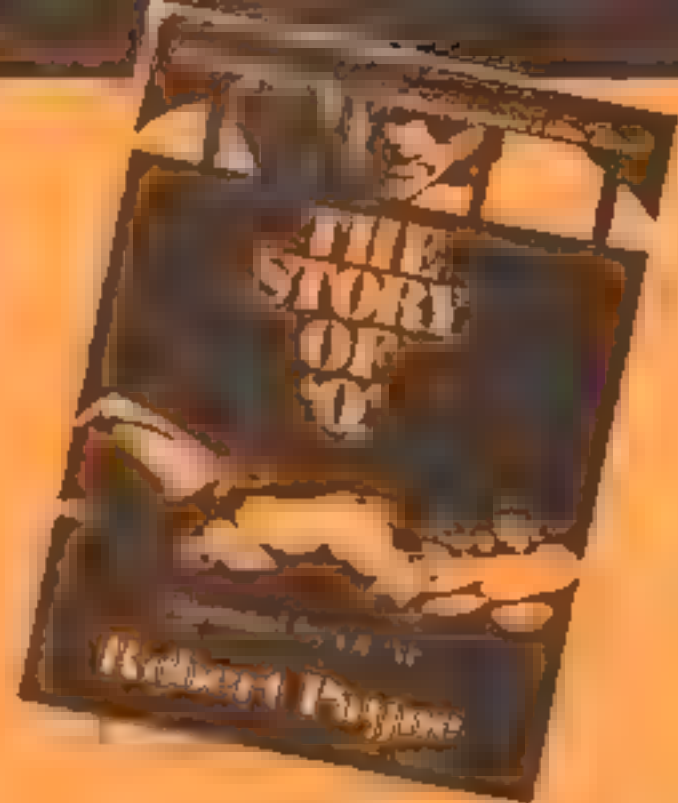
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then exerted pressure on them which caused me to wince from the pain which shot up my groin. He took the tube of Ben Gay and twisted off the cap. Squeezing a dab onto his middle finger, Jerry began to spread the Ben Gay all over my balls. I began to feel the growing warmth as my cock stood at attention. More Ben Gay was applied and as Jerry finished he dabbed the head of my cock and my tits with the remaining residue. Next, he took the plastic and wrapped my balls with it, the rubber band was doubled and used to tie the improvised bag to my balls.

The heat of the Ben Gay was becoming warmer and warmer. The confining plastic bag was bringing the heat quickly to a high pitch. I squirmed and wanted to snatch the bag loose and head for the sink and the ice cold water. Jerry must have sensed this because he turned me around and cuffed my wrist with hobby shop-made cuffs, joining them together behind me with a short chain which clipped on the cuff's rings.

My cock head was burning while my tits felt warm, but none of them approached the hell fire that was eating away at my balls. I groaned uncontrollably, but Jerry was ready for that. He shoved a leather dildo between my teeth, tying it at the back of my head. "That'll keep the noise down to a dull roar. I've just begun asshole. Chuck says you dig the hood, but I don't want you to miss a single shot."

Jerry got up from the bunk and shoved me on my back. My head rested against the bars at the front of the cell. I felt my hard cock slap against my navel. Chuck had been pretty easy with me, but I knew that Jerry was going to really work me over. My heart was beating frantically in anticipation. I only wished that he'd give my burning balls some relief. I positioned my hands behind me trying to find a comfortable position. Jerry grabbed one of my legs and forced it back so that he was able to tie it to a bar behind my head. He then proceeded with the other one. I was bent like a bow with my ass raised in the air, my head crammed against the hard steel bars and my hands caught together in the center of my back.

Jerry got up from the bed and stripped off all of my clothing. The last piece of clothing to go was his levis. His cock sprung loose, hard and threatening. It was like a fierce monster which was craving something, or someone, to devour, someone to mate with and force to its will. The leather gag had dried out my mouth, but I found myself tonguing it as if it was some sort of proxy for Jerry's cock.

Stroking his cock, Jerry sat in the lower half of the bed. He reached over and snapped the rubber band which held the sack to my balls. Tears filled my eyes as the pain seared through my balls. Jerry began playing with the butt plug, drawing it out but not to the point where the anal sphincter was released from the base of the cone. All Jerry was doing was stretching the sphincter and shoving the cone back in. I tried to ease my muscles, so it wouldn't be so damn painful, but the tension was too great for me. In one move he snatched the cone loose. I didn't know if he meant to or if it was merely accidental. It felt like a huge load had been dropped from me. I sighed through my gag. Excepting the pain in my balls, the Ben Gay had lost its force in my cock and tits, I felt almost relieved. The respite was short lived, however, since Jerry brought a pair of metal alligator clamps from the toy bag. He reached over, his thick cock rubbing along the crack of my ass, as he twisted and kneaded my tits. There was evidently enough Ben Gay still lingering on the tips of my tits because a scorching heat accompanied the sharp pain of the pinching and twisting. The points of my tits had risen quickly to Jerry's teasing and he applied the clamps to each one. I gritted my teeth at a pain which coursed up my spine and exploded in my brain. A muffled scream filled the cell. It was a moment before I realized that the sound had come from my own lips. Jerry merely grinned at my protestations.

"Well, I think you've had enough of a warm up. I don't want to burn your balls off, even though I can't think of any need you have for them." Without any attempt at gentleness, Jerry ripped the rubber band from my tortured balls. Unbelievably, the removal of the plastic cover, thus exposing my balls to the air, brought a chilled feeling to the balls. Taking a rag, Jerry without any attempt at gentleness began to wipe the Ben Gay off of the red shiny balls. From my position I was sure that they had swollen to twice their size and they were almost beet red. The pain was becoming more evident on my tits every time my body shifted.

Jerry sat back on the bed and surveyed me with an owlish grin which I was sure bode me no good. Reaching over the edge of the bed, he pulled out a can of vaseline. My cock leaked, the head had been steadily leaking pre-come into my navel and as it jumped the viscous material hung like a web from my cock head down to the pool below it. My ass was about to be filled with the long pulsing cock and the sphincter twitched in anticipation. I watched as Jerry spread grease along the wide long shaft, rolling the head in the palm of his hand. His hand became more and more caked with the vaseline as he took more vaseline from the can. Reaching over he shoved the middle finger all the way into my asshole. The sheer force of his action brought a gasp from my lips. Another finger joined the first without the force of the first. I twisted my ass in growing anticipation because I knew that very soon the delicious cock would be stroking my prostate which Jerry was now playing with.

As the third finger followed the other two, twisting to enlarge the give in my sphincter, I began to frown. When the fourth finger joined the others and he began a sawing motion, I panicked. I tried to twist away from this unaccustomed assault. His fingers curved to allow his thumb to come into play. "No," I screamed. What I can only describe as an evil grin suffused Jerry's countenance. The pain was becoming unbearable, but I was helpless to prevent him from having his way. Despair gripped me. I was going to be fist fucked. He was going to rip me open! I watched as more of his fingers disappeared into my stretched asshole. Take it out, my brain screamed.

Almost as if he had heard me, he abruptly eased his hand from my screaming ass. Without a word Jerry got up on his knees, leaning over my body because of the upper bunk and in one fell swoop he drove his cock to the hilt up my ass. His fucking was almost maniacal. There was no intention of pleasing me. The action could only be termed a brutal rape. My ass had been loosened sufficiently so I was not hurt by the driving force. Leaning with his arms by my sides, Jerry grasped the clamps on my tits and twisted them. He had no intention of my enjoying the exercise. It was a demonstration of sheer sadism which Jerry was enjoying.

Usually, I found that a quickened pace gave the first hint of an orgasm, but this was not now the case since Jerry filled my ass with load after load of come without any hint that it was ready to erupt. His self-control was almost frightening. I was becoming afraid of him because of this quiet unspoken savagery.

He pulled his cock out without a word. Loosening my legs, he allowed me to stretch out and flex my leg muscles. Taking the tit clamps off proved more painful than when he put them on. My own cock demanded release. I had almost gotten off when I realized that Jerry was unloading in me, but his quick extraction from my ass left me completely frustrated. Reaching behind my head, he untied the gag pulled it out of my mouth. It was only then that I realized that I had bitten into the leather padded sheath, leaving my teeth imprints on its base.

Before I could stretch my jaws, Jerry gripped the back of my head and shoved my greasy, shitty cock into my mouth. "Closed off. I don't want to hear a fucking word from you." I sucked at it, feeling it fill my mouth. Pulling it from my mouth, Jerry tossed me on my belly and covered me with a blanket, leaving only the top of my head exposed so the guard would be able to see and count me.

I was so tired, but I found it hard to drop off. I was afraid of this guy. The bunk shook which told me that Jerry had gotten up into his own sack. I felt the muscles in my body relax with relief. Now, I could go to sleep, although I knew it wouldn't be a deep sleep. The cuffed hands relaxed in their bonds. My cock lay against my belly. I wanted to rub myself off against the sheet but I knew that Jerry would feel the motion above me and he would do something to me that would be awful.

Even though I had tried to gear my mind to be vigilant during the night against some onslaught from Jerry, I dropped into a deep, needed sleep. I didn't feel the cool air when Jerry removed the blanket from me, but I awakened as he gently eased his cock again into my ass. My craving ass clasped at his rod with a need I had not felt since I was introduced into this life. I felt his fingers pluck at my restraints until my hands were free. Lifting himself from me, he rolled me over on

my back, lifted my legs and again sought the warm moist nesting for his cock. As he lay atop me, his mouth found mine. His tongue searched the warm cavity, I sucked ardently on it as the muscles of my ass sought sufficient control to massage the cock which seemed to be a rightful part of it. I met gentle thrust with rolling hips and my own growing need. My cock was trapped between our halves and the growing friction was bringing it closer to orgasm. I tightened down on Jerry's cock as my own semen began its coursing drive, discharging all over our trunks. The urgency of my own need and the grasp of my ass brought Jerry to fulfillment. Unlike the earlier fuck, he gasped and moaned as load after load joined the earlier one.

In a time Jerry made no attempt to separate himself from me. The jolt of keys on a made him cover us with the blanket while his softening cock remained lodged in my ass. A flashlight shone into the cell for a moment and then passed on. I knew the guard had seen us in bed but he chose to ignore it. One of the facts of prison life is that prison officials encourage homosexuality as long as it doesn't get out of hand by having some queen play one guy against another.

I adjusted myself to the warmth of Jerry's body. He was heavy, but not intolerably so. His breathing deepened against my neck and I knew that he was going to stay with me, so I adjusted myself to get some sleep. Only when he moved did I feel the sticky load of come which glued our bodies together. Some time during the night his cock slipped out of me, but I was unaware of it.

When I awakened, Jerry was already up. He was just finishing shaving. As I stirred in the bed, he turned and grinned at me. "I'll be done in a minute. I saved you some shaving water. There's a cup of hot coffee on the table for you."

Sitting on the edge of the bed, I reached for the black coffee and sipped it slowly. "Thank you, sir."

"Did you sleep well?"

My own grin must have told him how I had enjoyed the later episode of the closeness of his body, because he forgot to evoke a verbal response from me.

We dressed and waited for the bar to open to release us for breakfast.

"I'll eat with you and Chuck," Jerry said as we left the cell, closing the door after us.

We went downstairs and as we turned into my tier, I saw Country Boy pulling a cell door open near the end. It was too far to tell which cell, but I thought he must be meeting Tillie the Toilet for breakfast. The glint of metal in his right hand caused me to break out in a run. You don't run in a cellhouse because it will attract the gun gallery guard as well as the floor boys. I was too new to prison to even think of that. Jerry followed me because he had seen the same thing.

As I reached my cell, I heard a bone chilling scream. I was just in time to see Country Boy pull his knife out of Tillie's chest. A chill caused the hair on my head to rise because I knew that Tillie the Toilet was dead as she slid to the floor. Chuck tried to shove the killer out of the cell, but Country grasped Chuck by the waist, driving the knife into his back and pulling the edge of the bloody blade through his flesh and shirt around to the front. Jerry shoved me aside, letting out the scream of a wounded animal and downed Country with one smashing blow to his right ear.

Blood spurted all over the cell. Chuck had not called out, he merely moaned as his legs gave out under him and he sat on the floor with his back against the bunk. Jerry brutally kicked Country's unconscious form under the bed. He knelt beside Chuck, cradling his now shaking form against him. Tears coursed down Jerry's cheeks as he snarled at me. "What the fuck are you doing just standing there. Get a guernsey and some help. We've got to get him to the hospital right away, or he's going to die."

Unknown to both of us, the gun gallery guard had come up at conclusion of the attack and had called for a guernsey and the goon squad. The guernsey got there first. As I helped Jerry lay Chuck's bloodied form on the guernsey, the goon squad burst into the cellhouse. Whistles rang out and the cellhouse sergeant hollered, "Lock up. Everyone back in your cells."

As we accompanied the guerney down the tier, Jerry jerked the rolling stretcher to a halt. Chuck's guts were oozing out of his side and over the edge of the stretcher. The attendant grasped the guts and tried to push them back into

Chuck's side.

At the end of the tier a guard prevented us from accompanying Chuck any further. "Back to your cells."

"I can't go back to that cell."

The sergeant came on to the landing. "Jesus, you guys are covered with blood. Take them down to the shower room and clean them up. Put West in Marston's cell for the time being. We can't put him back in his old cell." As we sent down the stairs to the flats we passed a group of guards with a body bag for Tillie the Toilet. Another guard carried handcuffs and leg shackles for Country.

"I should have killed that lousey, stinking mother fucker," growled Jerry. "If he ever hits the main line again his ass is mine."

The guard unlocked the clothing shack and gave us clean clothing and towels. We showered in almost a daze. "Do you think he'll die," I asked.

"He's too mean a bastard to give up that easy." We showered quietly, almost thoughtlessly. As he turned off his shower, Jerry turned to me with tears in his eyes, "You know I love that dude."

These few words burst the dam of my own emotions and I found myself quietly sobbing. Jerry took me into his arms and we consoled each other, silently, praying for our friend.

When we got back to the cell, I sat on the lower bunk. "On the floor, asshole," Jerry growled without any real enthusiasm. I mentally shrugged and sat on the cement floor with my back against the wall.

"Want a smoke?" Jerry asked, offering me a pack of cigarettes. I felt a real need to keep busy at something, so I readily accepted it.

A long painful silence fell between us. We were each lost in our own thoughts. Sitting after what seemed an interminable time, Jerry looked directly at me. "What do you want to do?"

"What do you mean?" I was puzzled at his question. Surely he wasn't thinking of fucking at a time like this.

"Well, they'll be moving Chuck to the Vacaville Medical Facility if he lives and you'll be alone. I'm not trying to scare you, but there's going to be a lot of dudes hitting up on you now that Chuck's no longer here." He raised his hand. "No, don't say anything just yet. I know you can probably handle yourself and you can always count on me and my friends backing you if you have any trouble."

"Thank you, sir." I felt warm toward this man, but did I have to decide right now.

Jerry almost sensed my question. "We'll be going over to the Custody Office pretty soon and you're going to have to tell them where you want to live. The cell's sealed up because its evidence of a murder and criminal assault. That means they'll probably put you in someone's cell. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, that's just what I'm talking about. You're the best slave material I've ever seen. Good masters like good slaves are hard to find. If you became my slave, I'd treat you well. I don't mean I'd be soft but I'd be hard and look out for your interests."

"Well, sir," began hesitantly.

"I will never expect myself to you again, but I want you to understand a couple of things. First, I was mad last night, but not at you. Chuck made me promise not to fist fuck you and I almost broke my word. If you become my slave, you can bet you'll be fisted. You have a consuming need to be dominated and I know that we can do a lot to fulfill each other."

I knew that I couldn't put off a decision. Surprisingly, I discovered that I wasn't a fan of being fisted by this good-looking dude with his piercing blue eyes and shiny shaved head. To have to fight off the wolves was just too much of a hassle and I knew that he was telling the truth about my need for a master. Why go for the unknown when I had Jerry for a master.

"If you want me, sir, I'll serve you as well as I can."

"O.K., we'll get you moved in here permanently today. You'll give up your job in the clothing shack and go unsigned. That way you can go to the Hobby Shop with me and hang around my office in the chapel."

"Yes, sir."

"What're you doing with those clothes on, punk. Get the mother fuckers off!"

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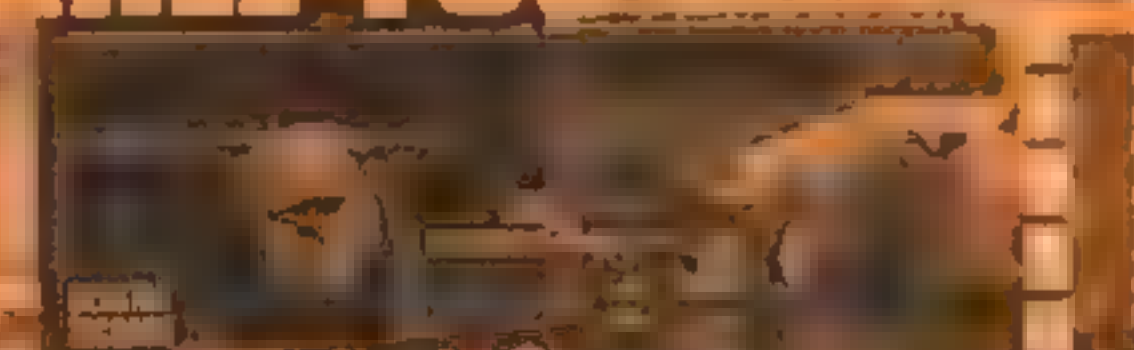
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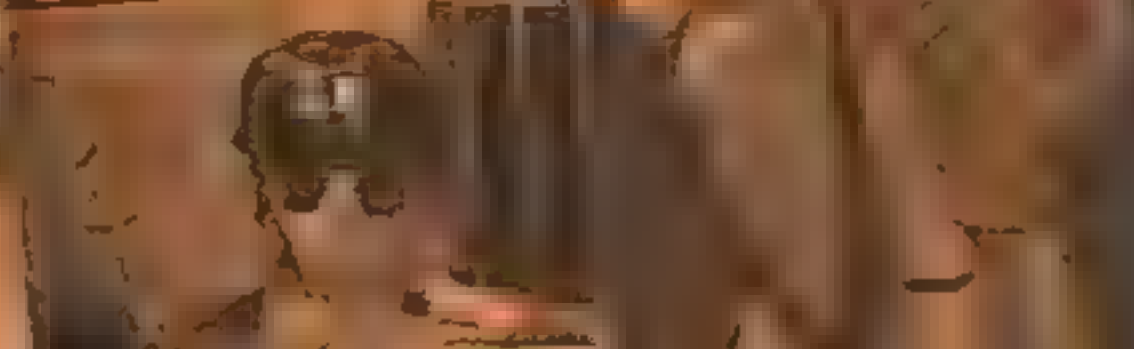
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Well-muscled stud, 5'10", 200 lbs., wants other very muscular dudes or super-tall types for wild times. Photo appreciated. Box 108

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Clean or raunchy (much preferred) Also have complete leather. White, 45, 140 lbs. R.L., Box 14551, Long Beach, CA 90803.

GENERAL RANCH HAND

Needed to work 500 Ac ranch/farm. Must be hairy, active, looking for father figure. I'm 50, 5'10", 190 lbs. All scenes possible. Photo and phone. Box 24

KINKY FILTHY HOT

31, 5'7", 130 lbs., w/m looking for hot, totally uninhibited guys who enjoy mutual play. Am mostly Master, but can switch with right person or play both simultaneously. Into S&M, B/D, W/S, scat. Leather, wet and raunchy Levis and jock straps, outdoor scenes, exhibitionist. Active FF, to give, receive or both. Spanking, whippings, boots, some rubber. Ready to explore any other experiences. Box 162

LOS ANGELES, MS, Leo, 26, 5'11", 130 lbs., white, 8" cut, black hair, blue eyes, mustache, goodlooking non-smoker/drinker, knowledgeable. I am a full-time biker/leatherman who needs a goodlooking, experienced, masculine leather topman (under 45) to fulfill my desires to learn, serve, respect and love a man who is secure with his position; a real man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Box 117.

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 160 lbs., 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510, Rick (213) 434-8654

N, Hollywood, w/m, 33, 6', 165 lbs., masculine, goodlooking, true fetishist, into rubber, leather & boots, seeks same type for top for hot Gr action and warm reps. Beards, mustache, aroma, toys and light S&M ok. No pain or scat. Photo and letter about you gets immediate reply. Connolly, Box 9151, N. Hollywood, CA 91609.

OAKLAND, M, novice, 54, 5'7", 126 lbs., semi-muscular build, hairy, 6" uncut, looking for hairy man under 50, white, with good build, into training a willing novice. Mutual respect important. Looking for varied experiences. Box 16

ORAL BODY SLAVE seeks master, 21-40, for obedience, rimming, verbal abuse, tit play, humiliation, fantasy. No S&M or Gr. Box 98, 537 Jones St., S.F., CA 94102

SACRAMENTO/SF, remember the high of prising in the forest or mountain meadow? Do it here! Leather, longhaired, bearded farmer, bottom but versatile, seeking man for high times. 3 hours east of SF. Tom, Box 109, Mt. Aukum, CA 95656

SAN DIEGO/LOS ANGELES, M, 46, 5'9 1/2", 180 lbs., 7" cut, pierced, Leather, Levi, Prisoner-type slave. Into S&M, B/D, tit/cock/ball torture, suspension, enemas, ball stretching, shaving, seeks stern Master over 35 for evening/weekend training. Box 129.

S.F. BONDAGE ANIMAL

Smooth, slender body to shave, piss on, torture, abuse, public humiliation, Hoods, masks, prolonged bondage, suspension, Box 13.

SAN FRANCISCO S

29, 5'8", Leo, 155 lbs., built and sadistic, into giving excruciating genital pain to other bodybuilders. No marks, damage, just real pain. (415) 864-5566.

ORIENTAL MASTER

San Francisco, S, 34, 5'9", 140 Oriental, 7". Hot looking in f, leather, like dirty talk, giving work, but also well-educated, sane inward. Wants goodlooking, masculine, white M in chaps for sex and intelligent conversation afterwards. Photo. Box SFL210

MONTEREY AREA

MS, well built, 40s, w/m desires to meet clean, dominant, hairy, discreet w/m who is macho for getting it on. No young, fems or druggies. Box 98.

SAN FRANCISCO, Nipple action, w/m, 150 lbs., 32, seeks hot men with big tits for long tit work sessions, all scenes. Box 19.

SAN FRANCISCO, 29, 5'8", 160 lbs., dominant and experienced bodybuilder, 42" chest, 29" waist, solid, handsome, and together; into restraints, unusual equipment, w/s, genital S&M. Genuine bodybuilders and goodlooking men into sexual/sensual pain on the chest and nuts, call (415) 864-5566. 10 am to 10 pm West Coast time only.

SAN FRANCISCO, M, 26, 5'8", 150 lbs., white, goodlooking, masculine, boyish novice needs hairy, muscular Master, strong and decent enough to make me respect and obey him. I have a tight ass, follow orders, like outdoor sports. Might take on more than one. Box 22

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY / L.A. White slave, 25, 6', 165 lbs., goodlooking Scandinavian, 7" cut, needs master who is willing to train me properly. Already into light S&M, bondage, leather, jock straps, wrestling, w/s, outdoor scenes, uniforms. Whatever else you desire, but no heavy pain or scat. Prefer master with hard body and beard or mustache, but not necessarily. Box 127

SCAT PHOTOS WANTED

Goodlooking S, 43, will buy explicit scat pics of bare-assed humpy men. Shorts or pants, fine too. Also just plain of open assholes. Possible letter exchange with your photo. Into all low-down raunch scenes except S&M. Box 93.

WANTED: A MASTER

who owns a motorcycle, is into camping outdoors, B/D, S&M. Should be over 6 feet tall, white, and 21-50 years old. Will obey orders good. Box 91.

To apply in THE TOILET, a private phone club, send an SASE with \$1 to: John, 433 Douglas St., S.F., CA 94114.

INTO ELDERLY

San Francisco M, 5'10", 173 lbs., 38, uncut, hairy, into infantilism, spanking, whips, humiliation, verbal abuse, slapping boots, C&B work, enemas, smoking, kinky scenes. Wishes to fulfill fantasies with masculine, dominant, arrogant and experienced S/Daddy/Master to 80. Discretion assured. Permanent relationship possible. Photo gets mine. No role switching, fems or phonies. Retired policemen welcome. I have a bad report card. Box 26

ERECTION DEMOLITION

Expert, 30, seeks work. Heavy tit play my specialty. Dark haired and hairy guys my turn on. Box 28.

TWO MASTERS

6'1" 170 lbs., 26 and 6'2", 165 lbs., 46 accepting applications for slave, build proportionate to height. Experience not as important as submissive state of mind. If you KNOW you were born to serve, write NOW. No j/o letters, one-nighters. Serious only. Box 76.

EAST BAY NEWCOMER

WM, 36, 6'1", 185 lbs, uncut, brown hair, blue eyes, full trim beard, weekend athlete. Good collection of tools with a private place to share some give and take sessions. Not into heavy scenes... yet! Looking for another guy who is tired of working on himself and ready to expand his interests by working out with a hot Aquarian. Photo gets mine. Box 165.

USE MY MOUTH & ASS

30, masculine, blond, 5'9", 145 lbs. into very tight pants, want hot verbal funk. Not a slave, but close. You need it, you got it. Will drink, lick, smell, work out. I give it too. Use me. No fakes, fats, fems, uglies. Ring me after 9:30 pm, real late is cool. (213) 663-6713. Rigg. Write: Box 145

LOS ANGELES, SM, Capricorn, 45, 5'11", 175 lbs., 6", raunchy guy dig it dirty, top or bottom. Mutual sucking, fucking, pleasing, shitting. No FF or fat. No photo, no answer. Box 143

JOCK STRAPS

Wrestling in oil, athletic gear, sweat turn you on? Hot, 26 year-old, Southern California dude wants to get together with you and show it off in a straining jock strap. Will exchange rips jocks and photos with all. Must really get off on locker room sex. Travel U.S., mostly New York, West Coast, Germany, Portugal. R.M. Box 1993, Newport Beach, CA 92663

SAN FRANCISCO, 28, 5'11", 150 lbs., goodlooking, uncut 7", into uncomplicated one-night-stands. Seek smart, prefer uncut, 30-45, turn-on to Asians, Latins, who dig fucking, heavy oral sex, w/s. Can assume either role, depending on partner. No scat drugs, pain. Box 171

LAGUNA, S, Aquarius, 36, 6'4", exjock, 210 lbs., seeks generous, mature slave who appreciates a heavy-duty experienced discreet master. Your scene combined with mine to let you freak out. Advanced or beginners. Tough but safe. Equipped Peter (714) 434-4871

OROVILLE, M, Cancer, 33, 6', 180, white, 6 1/2", knowledgeable. Needs leather Master for life. I love leather and need kinky scenes, mild S&M, B&D, am into w/s, scat fantasies, humiliation. I must serve my Master in leather and boots. I am considered goodlooking, masculine, and need training. I am open and loose for the right man-Master. Fantasies mixed with a little reality is where I am. Please, Master, I need you bad. Box 81E.

MY SCENE OR YOURS

S&M fantasies realized with attractive, muscular dude into levis, boots, leather, S&M, bondage, w/s. When a body needs a body to learn the how and why. Photo please. Box 115

LONG BEACH AREA uncuts wanted by blonde/blue-eyed 26-year-old, 51, 5'10", 7" uncut, hot w/m. Dig hot, sweaty man action, any race, used beer, raunchy cocks. Hot cuts under 30 ok. Box 4358, Torrance, CA 90510. Rick (213) 434-6554

MONTEREY PENINSULA

Hunky 40s, ready to serve. You call the shots by writing. Box 4413, Carmel, CA 93921.

LOS ANGELES MS Leo 26 5'11" 130 lbs white 8 black hair blue eyes mustache, good looking non-smoker drinker knowledgeable. I am a full time biker/leather man who needs a good looking experienced masculine leather topman under 45 to fulfill my desires to learn serve respect and love a man who is secure with his position. A man who knows what he wants and how to take it. No heavy S&M, fats, or fems. Photo please, Sir. Cal, Box 85113, L.A., CA 90028

FRAZIER PARK, M, Taurus, 40, 5'11", 155 lbs, white, 7 1/2", novice, hot, handsome, masculine bottom seeks sensitive, masculine, hunky old hand heavy into his play. Should have expertise with respect to limits. No fems, fats, pain for its own sake. Box 865

NAKED SPANKINGS IN L.A.

Novice M, 23, 5'9", 140 lbs., 6" cut, beard, wants the paddle, etc. from clean guys about same age. Make me squirm and serve. No FF, blood. Send details, Smith, Box 7306, Van Nuys, CA 91409.

MATURE, MASCULINE W/M, 47, 6'3", 225, virile, healthy, experienced, wants contact with men near my size. 30+ only. CB's, bikers, cowboys reply to: R.K., Box 905, Oakview, CA 93022.

S, w/m, 28, 6', 165 lbs., tanned and very handsome, 7 1/2", seeks 30-plus senior slaves with oversized worked-on nipples, to worship and serve my cock and ass, drink piss, massage my body. Candidates will have services of junior slave to prepare them to serve me and tongue clean us both afterwards. Recent full-front photo required with letter detailing qualifications. Box 138

SAN FRANCISCO, SM, 29, 5'7", 130 lbs., 7" cut, handsome, masculine, completely uninhibited, raunchy dude can wield a whip as well as take it. Exhibitionist enjoys bizzara without hangups, expects same. Not into FF, clean freaks, dishonest types. Digs w/s, B&D, S&M. Box 162

SAN FRANCISCO M 31, 5'8", 135 lbs, 8" cut. Novice with intelligence adapt body perception into a variety of scenes looking for partners white to 40 taller than myself who are equipped with enough fantasy toys to make role play engaging, able and exciting. No drugs heavy drinking heavy pain, scat, or in experience. Box 163

LOS ANGELES, W/m, 27, 5'11", 155 lbs., 8", very goodlooking bottom with hot, deep hole looking for built leather/levis studs for hot, sweaty action. Looking for muscular, sweaty, smelly tops into FF, w/s, S&M, rough action. Into smelly arm-its, oil, grease. Looks not important, body and attitude are. Bob, Box 48141, L.A., CA 90048

BONDAGE BUDDY

Seeks same for mutual fun. Vulnerable, knowledgeable, open to medium/heavy S&M, discipline, w/s, piercing. W/m, 6'1", 7" cut, moonchild. Box 48

SAN FRANCISCO, S, 26, 5'10", 140 lbs., seeks m's. Gabriel, 155 Turk, No. 609, S.F., CA 94102. (415) 441-2602

LOS ANGELES, M, 33, 5'10", 160 lbs., black hair/brown eyes, trim beard, dominant looking and acting. Hot dude, new to California, needs trim, goodlooking sex-master, 25-35, to bring me to my knees. Photo & letter to: Robb, Box 3089, 256 S. Robertson Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211.

bodies. Muscles and trim a must. No fats, heavy drugs or drunks. Box 1698

SLAVE

W/M, 30s, eager to meet, serve, fit 18-35 w/m Master. I'll do most anything short of real pain. Possibility of friendship. Especially want to give extended attention to all of your body, including feet, ass, etc. Box 3111, St. Paul, MN 55165.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY M, Virgo, 23, 5'4", 130 lbs., white, 6", honest, good-looking slave needs discipline/affection from dominant Master. Dig muscles, big hands, boots. Must be sincere, secure, experienced. Box 667D

ST LOUIS/KANSAS CITY

Dominant Master, 6'2", 185 lbs., uncut 8 1/2", seeks receptive slaves when I travel to your area. Am aggressive, experienced, imaginative, respectful of limits. Into S&M, B&D, w/s, shaving, FF, etc. You should be over 18, receptive, white, slender and masculine. You should include your phone number in your reply. Will call when I am nearby and available. Box 308B

ST LOUIS

W/m, 40, 5'11 1/2", 160 lbs., good-looking, bodybuilder seeks weekend or live-in slave. Will not reply unless photo enclosed. Box 39.

ST. LOUIS, S. Leo, 31, 5'9", 210. White, 6". Knowledgeable. Demands strict obedience; will punish any infraction with pain. Partner must have stamina, youthful appearance, can be to late 40s. Box 246

YOUNG NOVICE

23 5'4" 130 lbs., 6" cut looking for master, straight-looking, rugged man to be my Master, buddy, lover. Am clean cut, honest, quiet, intelligent and submissive. No drugs or scat. Should be 30-45, good build, hung and into levis/leather. Turn on to big hands. Box 667D

NEW JERSEY

GAY

IN NEED OF FRIENDS?

The Egyptian, a private club, offers a relaxed ambience which includes plush surroundings conducive to conversation, as well as a dignified alternative in which men may privately rendezvous. For additional information call (201) 295-4900

TRULY AN OASIS
LOCATED IN CENTRAL
NEW JERSEY

NORTHERN NEW JERSEY. W/M, 38, 6'2", 185, hairy, knowledgeable masculine, dominant and aggressive Master; yet quiet, straight acting and appearing seeks slave, 25-35, for permanent live-in relationship. Muscular body a plus. Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect limits. No hard or ruff stuff. No drugs, fats, fems or phonies. Box 291.

HIGHSTOWN, M 32, 5'8", 160, 7" cut. Blonde hunk seeks being controlled. Prefer Master in total leather. Seeks butch looking cut dominant that can relate out of the bedroom as well. Box 201NJ.

TIT TORTURE

CORRESPONDENCE CLUB

Guys who are turned on by tit torture . . . exchange experiences, fantasies. Bob Hughes, Box 333, Lyndhurst, NJ 07071.

JERSEY CITY, M, Libra, 34, 6' 163, White, 6 1/2". Novice. Have enjoyed light leather bondage & spanking while spreadeagle. Ready for more. Need rugged Master who wants me in that position so he can use me any way he wants & let his friends use me too. I'll serve as third to Master and slave. Can get into Manhattan easily Box 101NJ.

BELLVILLE, W/M, 5'9", 170 lbs., 24, dirty blonde hair, very muscular guy, wants same w/m's only, between 18-33. I have 16" arms, 44" chest. Usually top man into some leather, S&M, body worship, etc. What's your scene? I am straight looking & acting, construction worker, and am looking for a man like myself. No bullshit. I like sports, cars and motorcycles. I hate discos, opera and the so-called fine arts. I am not a typical jay, so if you are, you can fuck off. If you think we'll hit it off, write Box 299, Bellville, NJ 07109.

Hot men do hang out in the forests and mountains of Sussex County, Northern NJ. In bad weather, stunts and fireplaces go full steam. In good weather we visit Long Beach Is and above Atlantic City. If you enjoy smoke, music, photography, and hot versatile sex with two goodlooking lovers, send photo and letter to: Bob & Pete, 42 Alpine Trail, Sparta, NJ 07871.

Slave turns on to cigar smokers. Am 29, 5'9", 155 lbs., 7". Enjoy men in uniform, boots, rubber and other kinky scenes. Will give special attention to cops, truckers, guards. Expand my limits. All replies answered. Your photo gets mine. Travel East and West Coasts. My pleasure to serve macho men and cigars. D Schmidt, Box 209, S. Plainfield, NJ 07080.

SOUTH CENTRAL, SM, w/m, 42, 6'1", 164 lbs., 7 1/2" uncut, experienced, seeks same. Can pick up on partners needs and supply them. Should be same age, masculine or muscular med or well endowed. No fats, fems, scat, drunks, or younger looking than about 40. Prefer white, no facial hair. Box 15

NJ/NYC, w/m, 5'11" 182 lbs., 6 1/2", 40, topman experimenting with bottom role. Into jocks, toys, oil, porno piccing, enemas, spreadeagle bondage, outdoors, jeeps, young tight white bodies. Also correspond with tops and bottoms countrywide. Photos returned and appreciated. Box 21.

NEW YORK

GEMINI, 41, 6'3", slender, good body, 5", tattoo; seeks versatile partners. Am novice in both stances. Box 452A.

W/m slave, 35, Capricorn, into heavy, prolonged leather bondage, harnesses, masks, strait-jackets, rubber, bandages, etc. Into enemas. Looking for together guy who is also affectionate. Into total bondage lifestyle. Am 5'10", 155 lbs. Box 107

LAZY REBEL

Needs boot camp training. Details when properly demanded. Box 12

Scat taker seeks scat giver. Any age any race. I am white, 47, 6'2", 170 lbs., average goodlooks. Not into S&M or any kind of fixed role playing. Let's just be friends and have some fun. Beer gut ok, but no fats, please. Box 238 Downstairs 166 W 21st St., New York, NY 10011

BOX SERVICE AVAILABLE FOR
YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

NYC MASTER, 31, 5'7", 135 lbs., 6 1/2" cut, goodlooking, seeks dog slave to get down and worship. Must have obedient mouth and hole. No fats, fems. No into heavy S&M. Box 94.

New York M, Sag., needing training. Am 36, 155 lbs., white, 8" uncut, J.M.C., Box 28, Shirlet, NY 11967.

FORESKIN STRETCHING

Cock torture, foreskin chewed, Trim beard, 6", 195 lbs., 48, NYC suburbs Box 90.

NIPPLE FREAK

Wants to meet/correspond/exchange photos etc. with guys into their tits. Mine are big and always in need of hot workout. Into any kind of tit scene, hot to work over other guys nipples, and dirty talk. Box 20.

MY CABIN IN THE WOODS

or your pad, whichever you prefer. 37, 6'2", 160 lbs., 5 1/2" cut, and new to the leather scene seeks hung, rugged studs who like to be worshipped in their leathers. Flicks, booze, poppers, jocks, dirty talk, and the aroma of leather turns me on. I want to learn about w/s, BD, enemas, fantasies and kinky scenes from big-cocked masters. No fats or fems. Will try most anything once. My tender white ass awaits your pleasure. Will answer all. Box 95.

NYC, 38, 5'10", 160 lbs., white, 7", dark hirsute mustached seeks intense aphrodisiac sex FF inclusive with intelligent, aggressive Orientals, 35 to 45. Dig long scenes from both sides. Reciprocal, adventurous, looking to break ground. No fems, fats, fakes, scat. Box 27.

UTICA, NY, White, 44, 5'11", fat 9", new to area, good top man, occasional bottom, mild S&M, very masculine and straight looking, want to meet people in area. Not into bars. Over 40 only it's m. Blacks, Hispanics, humpy whites, truckdrivers travelling through. Have own place. Box 30

BODYBUILDER

Young butch white bodybuilder, 6', seeks butch, hung Blacks, Latins, very hot Whites. MW, Downstairs, 866 W. 21st St., New York, NY 10011.

TRAINING NEEDED

W/m, 33, 5'8", 158 lbs., medium build, 6" cut, novice M seeks understanding Master to bring out ability to serve. Willing, obedient. Not into scat or public humiliation. Hope for tall white man over 20. Box 8.

MS, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., 6 1/2" cut into anal sex, FF on a reciprocal basis. Prefer Orientals, 30-45, trim. Am level headed and adventurous. Prefer slightly dominant partner. Box 63

I am a sexy young punk, 25, 5'8", hung, blond, blue eyed, who needs to be verbally put down and abused by a rugged, beely, foul-mouthed stud. Example: The beer-bellied cigar-smoking foreman and the trainee (212) 929-0161, 7-8 pm best.

I'm hot, 5'4", 135 lbs. and cute. Send photo to me at Frank Cabe 30 Perry St., NYC, NY 10014. I'll answer

SPREADEAGLE

NYC Macho master, 5'10", 172 lbs., 47, wants good bodies slave devotee of spreadeagle position. Will explore and expand limits. Particular attention given to stomach, navel, tits, cock, balls and ass. Am knowledgeable and know you must enjoy for me to enjoy. Box 42.

NYC, M, Libra, 60+, 6'3", 185 lbs., with family jewels intact, invites fantasy trip with macho males, any age or race, who enjoy pinching Daddy's ass, then riding it to a face-thewell, who'd love to force his priest to beg on his knees for piss, or who'd like to sit on his boss's face until the bastard begs for mercy. White-haired man of distinction available for specialized service. No scat. Box 290X

INEXPERIENCED

W/m, 28, 5'6", 135 lbs., 7 1/2", seeks patient, well-hung Master to teach me the finer arts of S&M. Any age. No fats or fems. Photo & phone for fast reply. Tom, 166 West 21st St., New York, NY 10011

MS, Leo, 31, 5'9", 165 lbs., 6 1/2", hot, goodlooking, masculine, bearded, muscular guy; warm and intelligent, wants to give himself to a together well hung stud. F my mouth and ass with your cock, hand and piss, clamp my tits. Into most scenes, but no heavy pain. Box 406E.

MANHATTAN, Hot, hunky, hairy slave ready and on my knees for my Master's pleasure. Am cocksucking, boot licking, piss drinking, 27-year old, ready to expand my few limits. Please, Sir, your letter gets phone number. Goodlooking, semi-novice who worships men. Box 43.

COMING TO NEW YORK

Black leather, holstered booted guy 30 coming to New York in May needs date with full leather guy, preferably in Sam Browne belt and black rubber boots. No S&M or B&D. Hewell, Box 26528, S.F., CA 94126.

COMING TO NYC

West Coast dude, goodlooking, 29, 5'11", 160 lbs., uncut 7", making summer visit to the city. Want to meet hot, horny, demanding, creative men, into heavy duty oral service, w/s, bondage, sexual abuse. Turn on to very tall, very hairy, or completely shaved; extra big cock or balls, uncut, tattooed; or any combination. Photo and detailed letter gets same. Box 46

LEATHERMASTER

Albany, 32, 5'8 1/2", 165 lbs., 7", hairy, seeks eager slave with hot mouth and ass. Respect limits. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. Bill C., 163 Jay St., Albany, NY 12210.

Will the bondage Master interviewed by Jack Fritscher in Drummer No 24 please contact w/m, 35, 5'7", 140 lbs. Think I meet qualifications! Have decent body, good head, am willing to be sensual, am vulnerable and want to try something new. Box 161

NEW YORK, SM, 41, 6'3", 175 lbs., handsome muscular masculine Irish-English man, novice to S&M, can adapt to either role, 6" cut, seeks manly partners not hung up on acting out fantasy, changeable, adventurous. Should be over 30, taller than 5'10", and not fat. Box 452A.

MANHATTAN

25, 5'9", 140 lbs., very handsome, into boxing and serious contest quality bodybuilding, seeks level headed guys into same. Want to take boxing lessons from a boxing muscleman. Also seeking a versatile man as a lover to build a stable home life. Box 154

MANHATTAN, trim guy, 44, 5'7", average equipment, gentle, reliable, clean, intelligent, needs Greek passive for tender times. Age ok, no bad trips. R.H., Box 245, N.Y., NY 10016

FRESH MEADOWS. M. 34. 175.
Taurus. White. 6". Uncut. Seek
mature, adult, macho male with
head together. Levi, leather, con-
sistent in can take orders. Blonde
blue eyed. Can seek anything but
a 32 Box 2H

NYC, w/m, 36, 5'8", 150 lbs., eager to worship, obey, serve understanding Matter. Please respect and expand my limits. Prefer knowledgeable, well-built w/m to 47. Also, Westchester County and Southern CT. Box 759, 166 West 21st St., N.Y., NY 10011.

NEW YORK. M. Aquarius, 36
5'7", 130 lbs, 7" cut, goodlooking
clean-cut novice seeks macho, good-
looking, dominant partners. Likes
verbal abuse, humiliation and w/
from masculine, clean-cut top men.
25-50. No hard S&M or brutality
Tight, hard build and boots a turn
on. Box 220K

ITALIAN NOVICE
Passive beginner is looking for the right man to make me sexually into whatever he wants. Am 38, 5'9 6.5" uncut. You should be over 35 into leather/levis, hung, and looking for the one person to settle down with. Box 865E

EX MARINE
Early 40s, making up for lost time
Interested in masculine guys for
rough and ready relationship. Dis-
levis, boots, leather sweaty jock
straps and other athletic gear to ig-
nite fantasies. Box 701F

NEW YORK, M. Aquarius, 38
 "8" 145, white, 7", masculine and
 obedient but needing training and
 discipline from rugged master over 40
 who believes in keeping his slave
 naked and spreadeagle and ready to
 service him and his buddies. Bo
 070T

MATURE SCATMAN
wants masculine, unwashed partners
35-55. Average looks, build, Un-
der 6' tall. Leatherman. Fully experi-
enced in water sports, C&B work,
tit work, ass worship, sloppy animal
action. Freaky pencils welcome.
Trade smelly lockstraps & photos. In
Manhattan. Box 281A.

[illegible]

HOT NY STUD BOTTOM
W/m, 30, 6', good body and head
sinks together top w/m, 25-45
beard or mustache a plus but no
necessary. Into FF, w/s, tit work
some S&O with right top. Awar
heads appreciated. Could expan
limits over a period of time wit
right top. Box 148.

SM 25, 6'8", 150 lbs., 7" cut, is experienced in both roles, have worked out with real pros. Am compassionate and mature during scenes and expect the same. Not interested in uncultured, uncultured, very hairy, over 30, fat or feds. Mental stability important. Box 300.

FLUSHING, 5M. Taurus 43. 5'8"
180. White. 6". Knowledgeable
Biker into Leather/Levi/masculin
scene seeks intelligent, buitch part
ner. Will switch roles for right per
son. No fairs. blacks. Box 052H

CLEVELAND, SM, 35, 6', 186 lbs., muscular/husky build, inexperienced but tend towards S role, seeks 26-35, up to 6', white, under 200 lbs., at least 6" for further experimentation. Box 665H

COLUMBUS, SM, Taurus, 25, 5'9", 183, White, 6 1/2". Novice, satisfaction guaranteed to sincere, straight appearing butch types. No feds, feds, snobs, chicken. Box 365

WARREN

Double your fun. Couple seeking friendship with other couples or singles. 27, 5'11", 155 lbs., med. build with 7" and 33, 5'8", 160 lbs., med. build with 7 1/2". Send photo 879 Dover, Warren, OH 44485.

PRISONER, 28, blond hair/blue eyes, 6'1", 180 lbs., wants meaningful correspondence. George E. Hakim, No 141-671, Box 5500, Cincinnati OH 45601

CLEVELAND, MS, Aries, 46, 5'10", 155, White, 6 1/2". Novice. French active, Greek passive. Wants to please large, well built partner to 50. No feds, heavy S&M, B O Box 017V

AKRON, MS, Gemini, 43, 6'1", 195, White, 6 1/2". Knowledgeable. Into heavy B&D, light S&M. Would switch roles with right partner. No extreme pain, heavy drinkers or drug users, hippies. Box 187L

MS, 27, 8', 165 lbs., swimmer. Eager to play games, wrestle, to be captured and bound, spreadeagle, suspension, total B&O. Box 21192 Cleveland, OH 44121

CLEVELAND

Boots and Leather Master, trim, 156 lbs., white, 7 1/2", wants oral slave, domination relationship, full time. Box 99

OKLAHOMA

TRAVELING MASTER, 32, 6'2", Solid 195, 8". Gets to Baton Rouge, Shreveport, Dallas, Houston, Austin, Albuquerque, Little Rock and Oklahoma City. Seeks willing slave with magic mouth and hot ass. Into heavy jocks. Box 20772, Oklahoma City, OK 73156

OK CITY S, 6'2", 32, 195, 8" cut. I give orders and expect obedience or punishment prevails. Looking for over 25, under 6'2" with average endowment; perhaps in jock strap and chaps. Box 101OK

OREGON

PORTLAND, 31, 5'5", 165 lbs., dark and hairy, 7", wants to meet hunky truckers, troopers, cowboys, construction workers, body builders into leather, levis, w/s, Fr., tattoos, beards & hair a turn-on. Send photo, address, answer with same. No overly fat, feds, fakes, drugs or blacks. Box 6878

W/M, 30, 6 1/2", wants to correspond with and meet raunchy studs. Into piss, spit, uniforms, dirty talk, smokes, amyl, jocks, oil, urinals and far out sex. Send photo with dirty letter. Box 309A

PENNSYLVANIA

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'10", 140 White, B. Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 052F

DRUMMER 92

PHILADELPHIA, S, Virgo/Scorpio, 42, 5'7", 160, White, 7". Knowledgable Italian, stallion, muscular and hairy, experienced to understand limits in all areas. Master seeks masculine, obedient slave to serve his leather, chains and boots. Will train up to 35 in S&M, B&D, W/S, chains, bike and western leather toys. Send letter of submission with photo and phone. No bullshit. Box 062

KINGSTON, M, 30, 6'1", 180 lbs., medium build, hairy chest, big balls, 7" cut, novice is absolutely willing to learn to please. Looking for dominant Master who is into leather & masculine. Box 119

PHILADELPHIA, M, Cancer, 40, 6'2", 210, White, 7". Intermediate but learning fast. Masculine weight lifter with 48" chest, 34" waist wants to expand experiences with experienced, clean, masculine S. Box 023

PITTSBURGH AREA MASTER, 44, 5'8", 150 lbs., Libra, requires slaves under 6', 21-50. Have 90 acre farm house with full equipment. All scenes hot and heavy. Young novices considered for permanent servitude. Only men interested in real thing need apply. No feds, feds, phone freaks. Send photo and application to: Box 534, New Kensington, PA 15068. Respectfully call (412) 274-8354

SAGITTARIUS W/M, 26, 5'8", 145 lbs., desires aggressive, patient, firm, domineering, reasonably well-built male to 40 for discipline and exploration into S&M, etc. Am direct, fun-loving, sensitive, flexible and experienced. Please show me the ropes. All in NYC-DC area considered. Box 56

HANDSOME MASTER

is looking for slaves to do his bidding (boot polishing, leather/apr cleaning, etc.), for exposure to him. 29, 5'10", 147 lbs., 30" waist, hairy, trim beard and body. Philadelphia area. Respectful letter w/photo to Box 72

LEATHER MASTER

Philadelphia. Requires permanent slave under 35, slim, under 6', w/m 5' - 165 lbs. 40s muscular, thick 7" into S&M, B&D, W/S. Novices accepted. Send respectful letter, photo & phone to Box 11145 Philadelphia PA 19141

BOXING INSTRUCTIONS

I'm 27, 6'3", 185 lbs., looking for a guy who is good with his fists and could dig teaching a beginner the ropes. Into both ring and street fighting. Man-to-man workouts, 10-14 oz. gloves, occasional bare-knuckle bouts. L/L wrestling, weight training cool also. If you're under 30, level-headed, but get into playing rough once in a while. I think we should talk. No penses or pretenses. VA MD PA Box 1701 York PA 17405

PHILADELPHIA, M, Libra, 49, 5'10", 140, white, B. Completely inexperienced. Willing and eager to learn from refined, well-built partner to 50. Box 051F

PHILADELPHIA, S, Aquarius, 46, 5'9", 165, White, 7". Knowledgeable, masculine S seeks M under 35 into S&M, B&D, W/S, oil, leather, levis, amyl. Send photo and phone number with respectful letter. Box 209

PITTSBURGH, M, 43, 6', 180 lbs., semi-muscular, 7" uncut, big balls, 8 years in USMC into discipline looking for masculine men under 40, white, in leather or levis, who understands submission and service. Into face and ass fucking. No feds, feds or heavy S&M. Box 83

WILKES BARRE, S, Cancer, 41, 6'7", white, 12" Old hand, military disciplinarian with rural stockade 20 years military exp., seeks prisoners from beginners to experienced for penal discipline. Scene is of primary importance. Steel bondage, coils, chains, heavy physical exercise used. Will train beginners. No feds, feds. Box 065

RHODE ISLAND

PROVIDENCE, w/m, 30, slim, novice, desires clean, white male to teach me to serve a loving master. Prefers a dominate who respects limits. No heavy stuff. Willing to learn. Box 164

SOUTH CAROLINA

SUBMISSIVE w/m, 23, 147 lbs., 5'10", brown hair/eyes, wants to serve white MASTERS, 30-50, into S&M, B&D, w/s, leather, levis, uniforms and boots. Am Gr passive, Fr active. C.J. Bridwell, Box 1143, Taylors, SC 29687

TEXAS

HOUSTON, 29, 5'6", 130 lbs., seeks raunchy action, w/s, scat, animals, sweat, diapers, etc. Travels. Box 77

PERMANENT SLAVE AVAILABLE. M, 24, 5'10", 160 lbs., needs brutal Master to enforce permanent slavery. Torture, brainwashing, piercing, shaving, permanent bondage, w/s, scat; all needed. Sir! I need to be shown my proper place in life, at your feet, worshipping your boots. Photo and letter will get prompt reply. Box 571V

Sensible, attractive, mid-30's couple open for meetings with singles, couples who swing. No S&M, only attractive, versatile, sincere need respond. Travelers, bi-gay, welcome. Your photo gets ours. Box 36243, Dallas, TX 75235.

DALLAS, Virgo, 35, 5'8", 151 lbs., 7" seeks Black with uncut or blind meat lover 7" for water sports. Am masculine, muscular, hairy. Ph to requested of you please. Will travel. Box 000

Delasite desires initiation into S&M and B&D. No heavy scenes. Box 8

FT WORTH, SM, 47, 6'2", 190 lbs., 7" uncut, German Aquarius is looking for either slave or Master. Either should be knowledgeable, clean, not into drugs, interested in motorcycles, uniforms, boots. Not into FF, scat, w/s. Box 069D.

TOTAL & COMPLETE SLAVE. White, 5'10", 24, 155 lbs., 7 1/2" needs permanent master, need to be pierced, branded, shaved and turned into a complete and total slave & piece of property, to be used as a toilet. Box 116

DALLAS, SM, 31, w/m, 6'2", 165 lbs., attractive, masculine and intelligent, seeks others into S&M, B/D. Send descriptive letter to: Boxholder, Box 36061, Dallas, TX 75235

VIRGINIA

SM (S preferred) 29, 5'6", 142 lbs., muscular, 8" cut, seeks short-haired clean-cut, muscular M who's masculine and knows how to follow orders. Am demanding for etc. but know when to pull back respect limits. Since I am attracted to other tops, it takes quite a man to get me to bottom, and then not for very long. Box 294V50.

RICHMOND, S, Leo, 45, 6'1", 175, white, 8" cut, brown hair/blue eyes. Harley rider, ex-cycle cop into high boots, breeches, cycle cop uniforms, studs into big bikes and studs who ride them, cigars, L/L, truckers, horses, w/s, light S&M, most let. Business, necessities, travel, entire U.S. Replies with photo and phone get mine. Box 5501, Richmond, VA 23220

LYNCHBURG, MS, 31, 5'11", 145 lbs., 7" cut, knowledgeable, looking for someone willing to take time in training. 20-35, white, masculine, no feds or dirt. Box 139

WASHINGTON

TACOMA, SM, completely inexperienced, 7", uncut, 5'10", 240 lbs. Box 181X

TACOMA, SM, Capricorn, 37, 6'2", 190 White, 7". Novice wants to learn both roles from clean, knowledgeable partner. Owns Harley and prefers bike owner. No feds, feds. Box 185G2

PHOTO EXCHANGE

23, 5'9", 145 lbs., raunch, obscenity. Exchange foul polaroids, etc., with anyone, anywhere. Box 137

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA W/S. W/m, 5'4", 135 lbs., 49, seeks younger masculine types into pass scenes. Wet levis, boots, Fr active, one way or mutual. No feds, feds or drugs. Box 105.

ATTENTION SLAVES

S desires total slave for service and ownership. Slave will be branded, pierced and used as toilet. Box 49

WISCONSIN

WATERTOWN, S, Libra, 27, 6'1", 175, White, 7". Novice. Will satisfy needs of mutually honest understanding partner. Into W/S, B&D, humiliation, public exhibition. No heavy drugs or fetish types. Box 130W

WISCONSIN READERS: all this is new to you but reading about it has got you hot and hard? Want to learn more about different scenes as well as about yourself? If you are willing to learn and obey, I am willing to instruct. Box 173

S seeking Japanese college students willing to exchange language lessons for sessions. Box 172

KENOSHA

Goodlooking varsity soccer playing student wants older, masculine father-type man in my area. My fantasies include long spanking scenes with stimulating Dad in a big leather chair. Prefer lasting relationships. I will answer all replies. Bill H., Box 383, Kenosha, WI 53141

MANITOWOC, SM, Aquarius, 28, 5'7", 150, White, 7". Novice, Mean, bearded stud seeks available contacts to 24 with nice ass, at least 8". Nobody too involved in gay scene. Box 062K

MILWAUKEE, MA, Capricorn, 42, 6'4 1/2", 210, White, 6". Knowledgeable. Fifteen years as a slave has taught him to enjoy both sides with intelligent partner 25-50. No feds. Box 294V85.

WHITE MALE, 27, 6'1", 170 lbs., 9" interested in meeting others who are into light S&M, water sports, etc. Novice would learn for right top man, 18-30 only. Box 79

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

DRUMBEATS CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

MAIL ORDER

NEW LEATHER & TOY CATALOGUE

The Toy Chest offers over 100 items of leather gear and toys, fully illustrated and all at low, low prices. Only \$3.50 to Essex Ent., Box 4776, San Francisco, CA 94101.

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ADELAIDE SOUTH AUSTRALIA MS. Taurus, 38, 6'4", 156 lbs., novice, digs leather, boots, bikes, needs to be gently but firmly instructed in the art of servicing well built, hairy master to 50. Collar, chains and cuffs really turn me on. No fats, feds or drugs. Box 281C. (Include airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

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MELBOURNE S, 38, 5'10", 150 lbs., and M, 30, 5'10", 155 lbs., knowledgeable, into leather and wild 3-ways. Oral S&M, B/D, FF, W/S, tits, smoke, etc. Fully equipped game room. Visiting USA June-July. Photo appreciated. Box 14 (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

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wants well-built athlete or body-builder for lifetime slave. You are a docile obedient "Q" as in The Story of Q" longing for a permanent secure life as a piece of property. To be used, abused, branded, pierced and worked as I choose is your only desire. Your Master is young, goodlooking with average build. For inspection and interview, reply with recent photo and frank letter. No games or freaks. All serious answered. Box 667E.

CANADIAN DISCIPLINARIAN seeks father/son relationship. Confused? Get straightened out! (604) 921-7721. Anytime.

SM, 39, 5'11", 6" uncult, inexperienced but very willing to learn into leather, levi and cowboy fantasies. Am versatile and willing to assume either role with proper instruction. Box 491D.

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TORONTO, masculine w/m, Aquarius, strictly top, 6'3", 180 lbs., 34" waist, muscular, seeking masculine muscular younger men for occasional sex. Send photo, fantasies, wishes. Also interested in mail from non-Torontonians for j/o exchanges. Box 7307 Station A, Toronto, Canada M5W 1X9.

TORONTO, M, 25, 150 lbs., 5'7", 6" waist, slave into anything but scat. Travel extensively in Canada and USA (both coasts). Special interests FF, W/S, Leather, levi, S&M, B&D. Write with orders. Box 38.

DENMARK

COPENHAGEN, 2 hot Danish studs, 37 and 38, are looking for new friends who go in for more than just j/o scenes. Live action in our home or on our visits to the U.S. We are both versatile, have good builds, have 7" and 8" to work with. We are also interested in exchanging material with other guys who also have good collections of photos and drawings concerning S&M. We have our own darkroom for developing and copying. Box 665C. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

BOOTED DANISH LEATHER GUY 33, 6'2", hung and hairy, versatile, into many scenes and anxious to expand present limits. Visiting L.A., S.F., Chicago and N.Y. Aug-Sept. to meet groovy all leather guys for fucking, sucking and what else is good. Photo if poss. Please write to Mogens S. Kruse, 2 Vestervang, DK-8000 Aarhus C, Denmark.

COPENHAGEN, 2 hot Danish studs, 37 and 38, are looking for new friends who go in for more than just j/o scenes. Live action in our home or on our visits to the U.S. We are both versatile, have good builds, have 7" and 8" to work with. We are also interested in exchanging material with other guys who also have good collections of photos and drawings concerning S&M. We have our own darkroom for developing and copying. Box 665C. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

ENGLAND

LONDON LEATHER GUY

6'2", 170 lbs., white, 7" cock, very active strictly top, wants to meet groovy, muscular slaves who know how to serve a real Master. I am into most scenes and really enjoy man-to-man action with guys who are 100% male and proud of it. Write on your knees. Send a photo and I will send mine. If you are a real gyno I can guarantee you the real thing. Letters with photos answered first. Box 6658. (Include overseas airmail postage with reply to be forwarded.)

Turned on slave, 27, 6' and booted, wants real masters to 40, into all scenes. Travel USA and Europe constantly. Please, Sir, write me your intentions and instructions. Real thing. No freaks. Box 124. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad)

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Handsome ex-Cavalryman, 40, 6', into leather, rubber, uniforms, w/s, B&D; will show you London. Write w/photo: Bernie Welch, c/o B.M. Cavalryman, London WC1V 6XX, ENGLAND

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MALAYSIA

ORIENTAL, 29, 5'5", 145 lbs., 6" uncut, virgin ass, inexperienced but willing, seeks hung, muscular body-builder studs (25-40) for correspondence, lasting relationship, gay experiences and possible meeting. Write with photos (nude preferred) to: John Lee, Post Office, Mukah, Sarawak, Malaysia.

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Enema expert wanted with discipline, methods and humiliation for slave. Call 93 60-91-81. Write Box 96. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad)

POLAND

POLAND
Young gay man, 24, would like to exchange correspondence with gay Americans. Angelo Horzonski, Warzanska 15/6, 44-100 Giliwiec, Poland.

PUERTO RICO

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All dudes interested in W/S, Leather, levis, fucking, rimming, spanking, animals, fantasy, phone (809) 722-3631. Will be visiting Miami and New York during May '79.

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30-year-old M can assume either role; interested in the real man. Tends to be passive. Into levis, leather, cowboys. Into sex toys. Can travel. Willing to correspond with other Masters and slaves. Box 228M (Include Overseas Airmail postage with response to this ad.)

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Leather stud, 27, into heavy chests and big pees, muscular asses; would like to see photos of American bodybuilders into leather straps, locks and heavy action. Andreas Buhlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich CH, Switzerland.

WEST GERMANY

WEST GERMAN
Dutchman, young looking 40, living in West Germany, seeks dominating, slim partner to 30 for lasting rela-

tionship. Possible living together. Box WG901. (Include Overseas Airmail postal rate with reply for forwarding)

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German M, 35, 150 lbs., masculine, muscular, comes to California, West Coast, Arizona, Utah, Idaho in June. Wants to go back branded, shaved and tattooed by his owner after two weeks or longer of total slavery on S&M farm, or after turned into a pig, chained in a stable next to the animals. Also dog training by Master or group. Or prisoner in cell or cage. Like public humiliation. Only real, extreme scenes. Write: George Gerber, Postfach 290232, 5000 Koeln 1, West Germany.

WEST GERMANY, Brutaler Sadist 54, 1, 78m schlank, militant in uniform, leder etc sucht 100% sklaven/rekruten moeglichst in drillichzeug stiefel, etc. Rastierter kopf, oder kurzhaarig fur dauerzucht in bauernhaus, etc. Ganzfotozuschrift NUR in deutsch in uniform wird erwartet H. Grallert, D-3101 Schamhorst 1 Nr. 5A.

BERLIN, SM, 33, 6'2", white 7" uncut, experienced, tending toward S role, but can switch for right guy. Travels to the USA several times a year. Want to meet/correspond with interesting men into leather, levis, uniforms and toys. Also want to meet guys with game rooms in L.A., S.F. areas. Write detailed letter with photos. Age and endowment not important, but no feds, feds, please. Box 134. (Please include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

COLOGNE, SM, 45, 6', white, 7" uncut, into either role, experienced and convincing, masculine, slender and muscular, tends towards S role. Interested in meeting men into more than sex. Should be intelligent, masculine, wear leather naturally. Should be my age or younger, not fat, no feds. Travel to U.S. occasionally. Box 121. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

WEST GERMANY

Dutch guy, 30, blonde, 6'2", hairy, long legs, coming to the States in April and September, wants to meet and correspond with Black Master into licking, sucking, w/s, getting fucked, etc. Box 106. (Include overseas airmail postage with replies to this ad.)

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TITLES WANTED

Am looking for editions of James Barr's QUANTREFOIL and AN OCCASIONAL MAN, also a gay novel called SAM, author unknown, and a gay porn novel titled DOWN BOY, author unknown. Send condition, edition, and price to Box 1000.

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40 photos of young (adult) macho male Swimmers (semi-nude) or Wrestlers (over half are action close-ups) for only \$6. Both sets, only \$9. Order from: Leland Wiegert, Jr., Box 2474-DM, Rolling Hills Estates, CA 90274. (Photos are black and white, vary in size to 6"x8"). Satisfaction guaranteed or money back!

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We represent gay writers, artists, and photographers. Fifteen years of sales. One time agency fee, payable with submission of first batch of material \$35. D. Mullenix Assoc. 4210 North University, Peoria, IL 61614.

GOODLOOKING, 5'4", 130 lbs., trim black beard, short hair, 26 years old, into hair cutting. \$15. Paco (212) 243-1786. Write 30 Perry St., 1-F, New York, NY 10014

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Face Peeling & Make up artist will model for you. 34, 5'10", 148 lbs., 31" waist. Must write for phone number. Rates: \$35 per hour. I promise you will come out looking like you enjoyed yourself while on your trip. Box 75.

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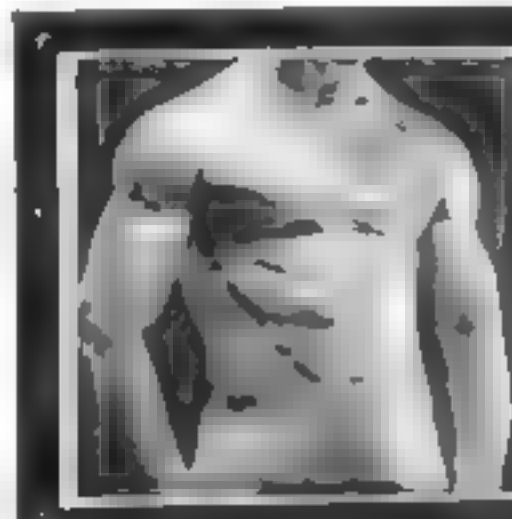
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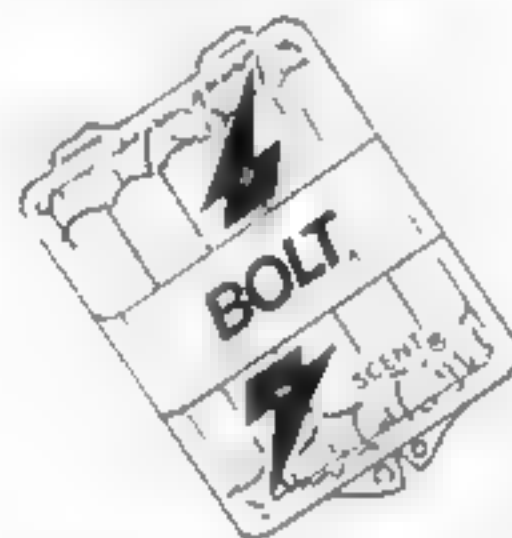
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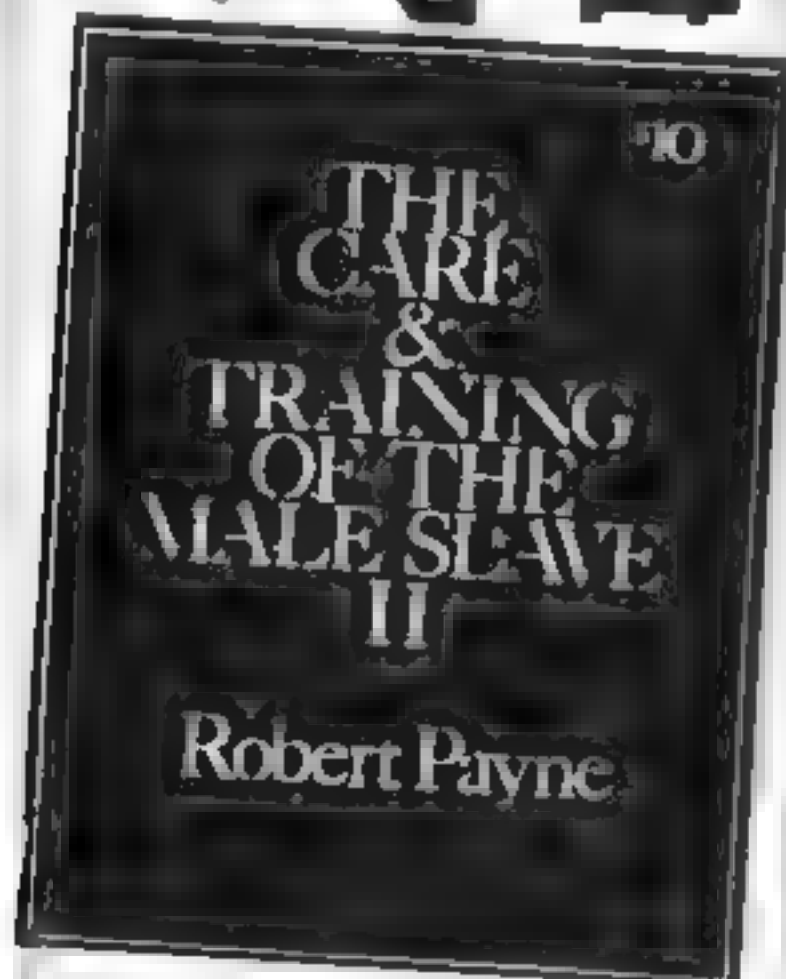
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MORE LETTERS

Continued from page 7

YOUR OBEDIENT SERVANT

Orlando Paris' story "Safari" (Drummer 14) is still the best thing to ever come out of your pages. It, not only, is a great piece of writing; it's nothing less than one hell of a jackoff explosion. Orlando sure knows the place. He certainly has brought back many fond memories to me.

Unfortunately for me, when I was there I knew nothing of leather. Now that I have the itch to return, I want to make sure that I don't miss out on all the fun.

Can Orlando or anyone there at Drummer help?

Thank you.

B II
NYC

UNIFORMS

I think men in uniform are the ultimate fantasy trip. Quite a few of my friends are into the same thing. To us, there is nothing like a hot man in battle fatigues or sailor attire. Likewise full dress military and police uniforms.

We hear there is a hot new bar in San Francisco called the "Trench," where uniformed men gather. How about an article — with pictures! I'll bet there are a lot of guys eager to know more about this place and this new macho trend.

Congratulations on issue number 27, especially the layout on the L.A. men's club, "Basic Plumbing."

MTF
Los Angeles

HIGH GEAR

Just got through reading issue no. 27, fantastic! Just the book for the everyday gay male. Interesting articles, great photographs and drawings. Especially liked the sketches by L.A. Cavelo. Really into the S&M period. Let's see more of his talent. I'm a truckdriver and all my co-workers really dig your magazine.

Your centerfold Dan is out of sight. Would like to see more of him in future issues.

Keep up the good work.

"The Truckdriver"
of Daly City

DANKEN

I'm a GI stationed in Germany and thought I'd write. I have a little under two years more to go and have been to quite a few leather bars here and have met quite a few leather dudes. If you would like any information on the European leather scene in the various cities including names of bars, clubs and organizations please let me know. I enjoy your magazine very much (even though it's hard to find over here) and have gotten quite a bit out of it and thought that for a change I could help you guys. If I can be of any service please let me know.

Tom

(Yes . . . Drummer is now compiling world wide listings of Drummer type bars, baths and would appreciate any 'n' all info from our readers. — Ed.)

FINAL COPY

Just another San Francisco drug-fuckday. He trusted the men he was with. They offered him a snort of what they all thought was coke. When his mind PCPed his body into convulsions, his tongue was the last thing he ever swallowed. No one knew how to help him. The oxygen supply to his brain was shut down for too long before real help did arrive.

His parents came to the City to agonize through the weekend knowing that it would be their decision alone that determined when, and if the machines would or would not be withdrawn from their son's brain-dead body.

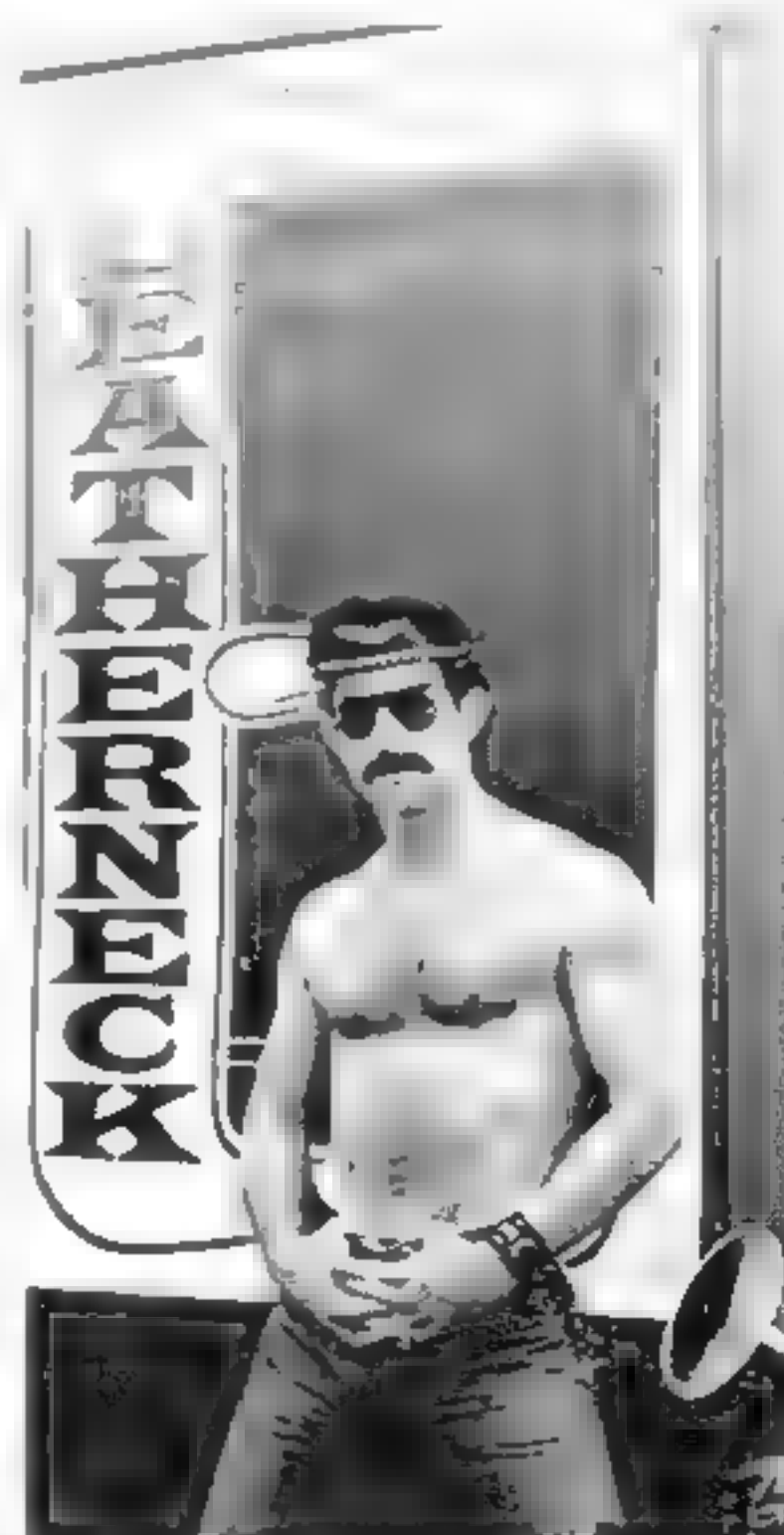
The friends, who could, stood by with them.

The rest of this town of men waited.

Ron was more than a bartender at the Leatherneck and the Black & Blue. He had been an honest man, living up to the codes of manhood rather than just being gay. A real friend to the leather men and to other men too, his own standards were higher than most. His bike and his leathers were authentically handled, even when he went to work in the financial district. He took care of men from all over the world in many different ways.

Too many of my friends have had their lives ripped off lately. Too much of me goes with them. What Ron Clute was for me will remain inside until I, too, am dead. I try to remember that we had some really good times. He gave to and took from me some very special feelings. I try to forget that I will not see him again for some very ignorant reasons.

RPD



The late Ron Clute — Photo by Jim Stewart

LEATHER Forever goes Castro!

Leather Forever is opening a new shop in San Francisco's Castro District. The address is 3989 17th Street, three doors east of the corner of Market and Castro Streets. We'll be featuring the same fine line of quality leathers, clothing, our popular Sedgefield® Jeans, t-shirts, swim wear, and accessories which have made our Polk Street store the place to shop.

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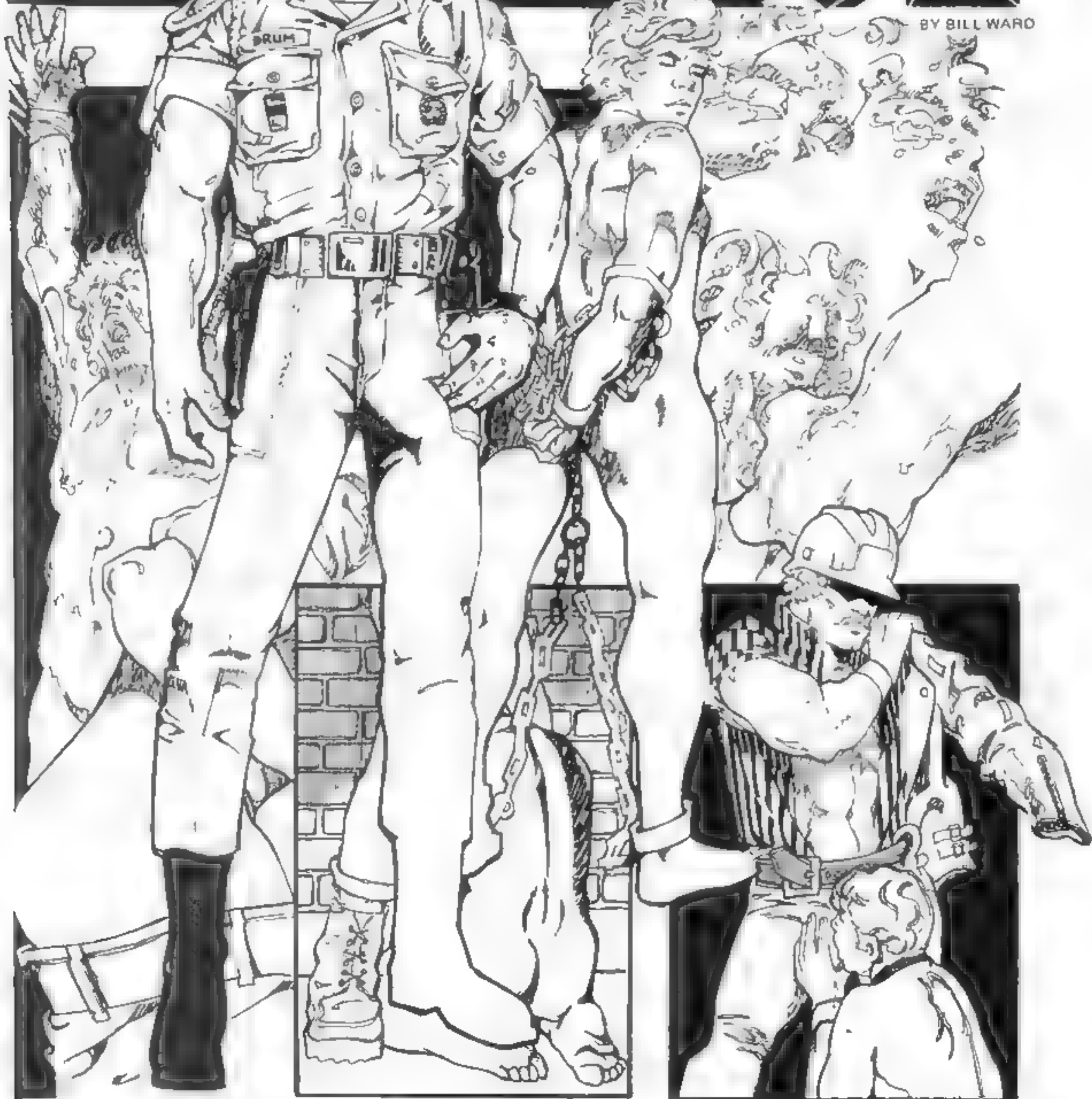
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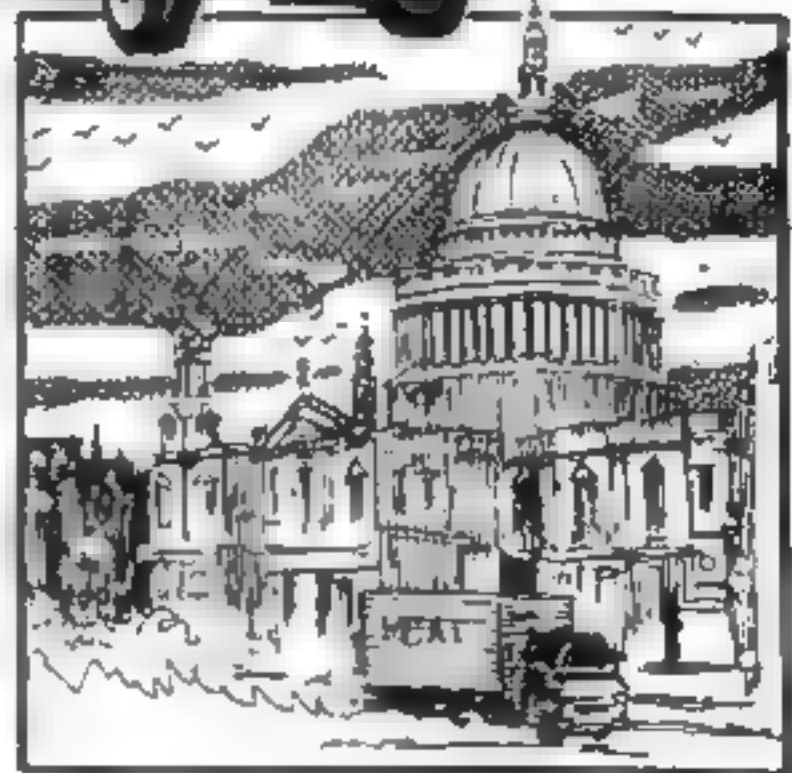
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DRUM

BY BILL WARD





TOUGH SHIT!

NAVY BEACHES GAY GROUP'S RECRUIT SONG

It may be hard to hustle to, but it looks like the Navy will stick with "Anchors Aweigh."

Red-faced Navy brass did a sudden about-face and decided they won't try to attract recruits with "In the Navy" — a disco hit by the Village People, whose songs have a special meaning for homosexuals.

"There are no plans to use the Village People — it is not under consideration," said Cmdr. Milt Baker, field activities director for the Navy's Chief of Information.

That was only a few hours after another officer, Cmdr. Don Dorsey of the Recruiting Command, enthusiastically saluted the song.

"I've heard it on the radio, it's great," said Dorsey. "The words are very positive, they talk about adventure and technology. My kids love it."

The Village People's producer, Jacques Morali, last fall confided to Rolling Stone magazine, "I don't think that straight audiences know that they are a gay group."

Morali said he got the idea for the Village People after watching one of its current members dancing in the Anvil, a homosexual hangout in Greenwich Village.

The group's manager, Can't Stop Productions, prefers to say that the nautical number is "such a simple lyric you can make it mean anything you want."

The song leads off, "Where can you find pleasure, search the world for treasure, learn science technology?"

"They want you, they want you, they want you as the new recruit," goes the refrain.

Only two weeks ago, the Navy brought the singers aboard the USS Reasoner, a frigate docked in San Diego, where they performed the song on the forecandle by the five-inch gun mount.

A tape of that show will soon be televised, and Dorsey had said, "we're going to take a look at it" to see if Navy advertising men can use it.

Asked about the group's homosexual appeal, a startled Dorsey replied, "I didn't know about this. I guess I'd better find out. I'd like to get you an official reaction. Certainly no decisions have been made."

Unlike the Navy, another all-American institution song about by the Village People — the Young Men's Christian Assn. — never showed any enthusiasm for the attention.

The YMCA in fact, is still threatening to sue for trademark infringement. The song "YMCA" has sold more than two million copies.

On stage, the singers dress as macho men — cowboy, Indian, construction worker, cop, biker, and ... in a recent change ... sailor.



ALEX BRILEY OF THE V.P.

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MOCHA NUTS

PUNSVILLE: Zimm's, the E. Bay sportstore chain, will open a branch soon at 19th and Castro to be called either Camp Castro or Decloning Center. It will feature, among other things, athletic supporters in 23 colors, which has inspired the neighborhood wits to suggest yet another name — Basket-Robbins.

Herb Caen
S.F. Chronicle

YOU'RE SHEDDING ON MY SHIRLEY TEMPLE, MAC!

A hairy chest is a sign of a man who knows how to hold his liquor, a Vienna doctor told a conference on wine and health yesterday.

Men with hairy chests get drunk less easily than their smooth-skinned, hairless brothers, Dr. Heribert Thaler, a specialist in internal medicine, said.

Women, for some medically unknown reason, can drink only one-third of a man's daily limit before they begin to endanger their health, he added.

Thaler said his studies showed that men can safely drink one bottle of wine daily, while women should stop at a third of a bottle, if they want to avoid serious liver damage.

Reuters

GIVE ME 12 INCHES ... LIGHT ON THE GRAVY

A 65-year old man and a police officer are recuperating from bites suffered in an encounter with what police described as a "demented, nude male."

Police said yesterday that officer James Farmbry, responding to a call, found John Garrison, 65, being attacked and bitten by a man identified as Herman Gunther, 19. Garrison's wife told police the attack began Saturday night when her husband answered the door.

Farmbry lost the tip of his thumb when the man, who was naked, turned on him, police said.

"He was bitten on the cheek," the spokesman said, "and the guy just stayed with it — hung on. Farmbry was trying to get away, but it took a second officer to get the guy off him."

The thumbtip was sewn back on, but doctors are not certain it will stay, a police spokesman said. Hospital officials said Garrison is in good condition "despite bites and abrasions."

Gunther was hospitalized for psychiatric evaluation, police said. He suffered minor head injuries when the officers tried to restrain him, authorities added.

Police officer Farmbry was also slightly injured with bite wounds.

Associated Press

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So dump your pics or greasy Polaroids and letters into an envelope 'n' send the fuckers to: Tough Customers, c/o Drummer, 1730 Divisadero, San Francisco, CA 94115.

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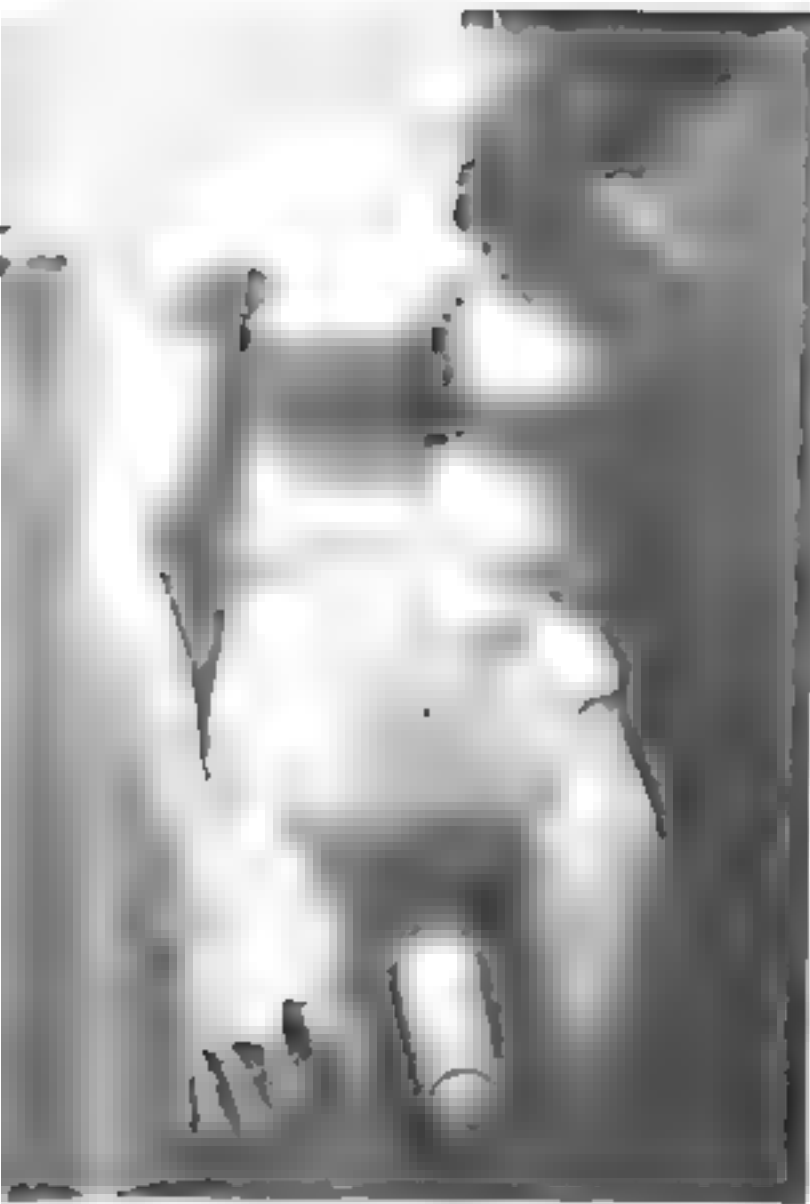


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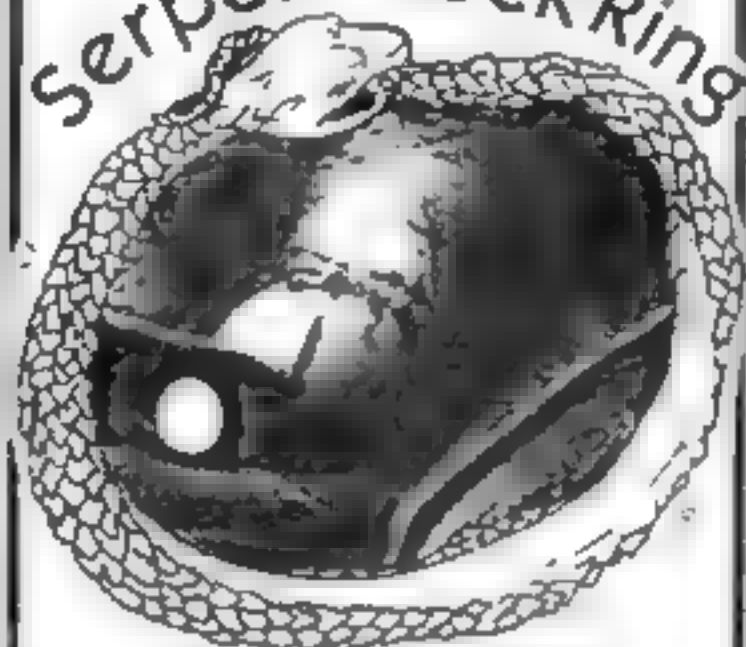
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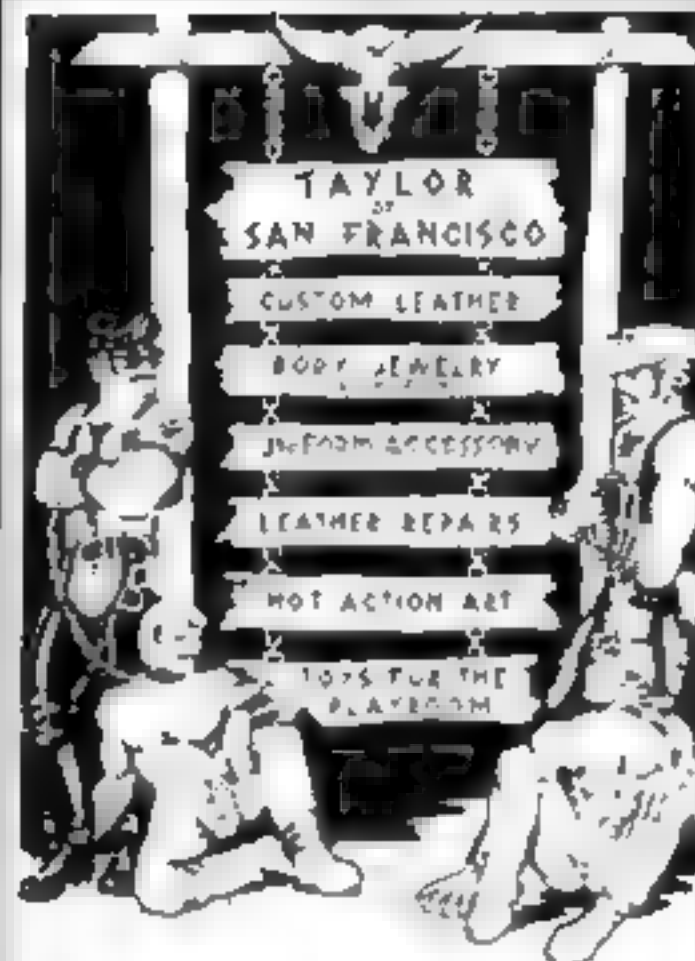
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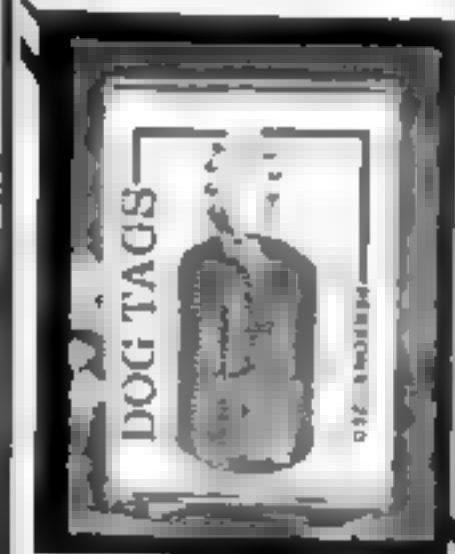
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DRUMMER *views the Flicks*

HAIR

Soft medium shot. Dawn. A country road, like an impossibly straight and black stripe across off-season farmland.

Pull back to: A young man barely into the edge of the frame. Brown boots dusted with middle-America; brown cord jeans hugging lean, tightly-muscled legs and thighs; plaid cowboy shirt half-hidden by a monochromatic western jacket; clean, scrubbed skin pulled over a lean face, pale blue eyes shaded by generous lashes and the turned-down brim of a straw cowboy hat.

Close up: The face is flushed with a masculine youthfulness.

Medium shot: The screen is dominated by the front end of a Greyhound bus. The young cowboy glances a farewell at the unmoving man from whose loins he has sprung.

Cut. Traveling shot. The bus headed north on a country road turned into highway, towards an Army induction center in New York, as the title comes across the screen.

Hair. Give me a head with hair. Long beautiful hair. Shining, gleaming, streaming, flaxen, waxen.

John Savage (Claude) smiles a slow, almost southern drawl of enjoyment over the sight of beaded, tattered, half-naked bodies romping, dancing, sleeping, necking in Central Park. Suitcase in hand, lips begin to curl back over perfect teeth then force themselves shut, perhaps in respect. He sees this: Berger (Treat Williams), his shoulder-length brown hair falling over a square-jawed face, unzips to piss on the New York Times. Woolf (Dan Darcus), his cascading blonde mane flying behind him, runs after a trio of matron-laden stallions prancing the paths of the park, bouncing their burdens with at least feigned enthusiasm. Hud (Dorsey Wright), strutting and stomping his black rage, mixed with a delicate irony; offering up as powerwords the terms of bigotry.

He sees Shiela (Beverly D'Angelo), a perfect example of the pristine ruling class, flawless in horserider's tweed, return a studied visual appraisal with an almost mocking *entendre*. He sees an alien landscape people with a phantasmagoria of colors and shapes and gestures for which he simply has no points of reference.

It is the beginning of the 1960's in New York. The Eisenhower generation has succumbed to suburbia. The children of Kennedy have begun to feel the disenchantment of seeing a dream die, of hearing rumors that the government they never really trusted might be conspiring to violate their collective civil rights. Drugs, consciousness, alternative options have begun to present themselves.



John Savage, Charlton Heston's son, reflects during the big wedding scene from HAIR.

Daily, the youth of America is running away from home, dropping out of their parent's dreams, assuming something... anything that even pretends to hold meaning.

Drop out, opt out, counterculture. New phrasology is born by the minute. Krishna, Kama Sutra. Clear Light. Purple Haze. Window Pane. Drugs and sexuality replace gin and adultery.

The generation gap that ensued, itself a Madison Avenue concept, created a dualist society occupying the same space at the same time, a physics impossibility.

Claude isn't, however, one of the seekers. If anything he is an intruder who is swept into singing for his supper or resuming his solitary journey towards a certain death. But a slowness, maybe the germ of knowing things are not always what they seem, hears him to a small tribe. He has time, perhaps a day, before he is to be absorbed by the machines of war. His father has given him a bon voyage fifty dollars, "In case you run into any trouble," perhaps the fee for a clean whore and the last stage of coming into manhood before the big stage of Viet Nam.

We stop, look at one another, out of breath, walking proudly in our winter coats, wearing smells of laboratories, facing a dying nation, a moving paper fantasy, searching for some new told lie, with supreme visions of loneliness.

The tribe of Berger, Hud, Jeannie, and Woolf isn't akin to the loneliness of Claude. They can wrap their arms around his slender frame, share humane warmth and understanding, offer him the little their existence offers even the passing stranger. He can stop, look at each of them, hold back from expressing the same sensual sincerity; ultimately he can only live by rules handed down generation after generation. The difference between Claude and the tribe becomes the difference between 'we' and 'they' in the larger social fabric the film considers. It is that same contradiction, sharing the same space and a polarization of the senses that marks the difference between the man who can embrace another man as an act of love and the grab-assing of the football field. They are only polarized on the surface, where the tension taunts the motivation.

Claude can convince himself, as he does, that this lassire faire attitude isn't suitable to his temperament. As long as he

isn't defending a tribe member's honor, as long as he isn't spending the fifty dollars to get Burger out of jail while he stays behind, trusting if not confident. As long as he isn't allowing Burger to assume his place in boot camp while he keeps a tryst with Sniela. Ultimately what Claude cannot share with the tribe is the honesty of emotion, the sincerity that acts as the foundation of the tribes relationship to him.

On a rocket to the fourth dimension, total self awareness the intention.

Hair is no longer an anti-war film per se. While the distaste of the Viet Nam slaughter and the era of Nixon that made it America's favorite pastime are still an important part of the film's structure another attitude has taken hold. Not even, as one might expect, just retaining the essence of what the flower children represented. Instead, just as we watched the dream die before our very eyes; *Hair* preserves the analogy. Dreams die. The revolution didn't mean a thing after all, in the final analysis. The war continued until the war-makers saw fit to end it. No one wins.

One set of false values gives birth to another, perhaps more garish and somehow more palatable; yet false values all the same. One lie is co-opted by another bigger, slicker, media-conscious lie. What was a gentle revolution became a whimper, in the finest Pruflock style, against "a moving paper fantasy."

The generation that swore never again has moved from the doorways and crash pads of alternative America to the board rooms of the oil cartels; from the commune to the condo-conversion; from the civil rights picketlines to the organized labor lock-out.

But, from the same generation of new founding fathers had sifted-down better appreciations of what we are and of what we are capable. Of what a priority is; of how to find one. Of how difficult it is for a small tribe to exist in a pasturized environment. Of how easy it is for the power-brokers to maintain absolute power absolutely.

If there is a lesson to be learned from the last decade, you won't find it spelled out in the final reel of *Hair*. The film's intention, like the original musical, is simply to leave Claude at a crossroad. But you see, in those days, they thought the dream would never die.

John W. Rowberry



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PYRAMID SUBTERRANE



PHOTO BY CARLOS

BY JACK PRESCOTT

It was a cold, grey New York day. I was walking down Eighth Avenue for the first time in years, on my way unthinkingly to the Village after having spent a short visit with an old friend who lived in Chelsea. But, my mind was on the past few nights of boring sex and no relationships with tricks from my neighborhood in the Upper West Side. I was going to have to change something. Last night had been the pits: a good looking guy sure — but a real twerp in bed, lots of messy kisses and coos and insisting that I spend the night so we could have breakfast together. "We have to have breakfast together or it's just promiscuity," he had said.

I hoped to hell that wasn't the definition of promiscuity, or Anita Bryant was getting all hepped up over nothing!

What I needed, I had decided, was some adventure — some excitement. But how to get it? Jesus, I was dumb.

As I got to the block between 18th and 17th streets I remembered the little export shop, "Pyramid." All kinds of fabulous things this guy, Al Sasson, had imported from South America and Africa. Shit, I should have thought of that before Christmas, could have gotten

lots of things there that would have been unique — and inexpensive — gifts. There it was, a small storefront. I thought I'd stop and look in the window.

Something had drastically changed! There were all those little straw boxes and lacquered trays and everything — but there was a pair of chaps. And black leather pants! This was not the shop I had just been thinking about.

Leather, I thought of it before, of course. Thought of dark bars and back-rooms . . . But, I had never done anything, the most I had to wear to a place like that was Frye boots and the designer denim pants I had on. I hadn't ever thought of leather for myself. What would it be like? What the hell, I went in to look over the merchandise.

I tried to be polite in answering the greeting of the guy behind the counter when I went in, but, I'm sure my answer was mumbled. I looked over the shelves, it was all the good, but hardly the erotic stuff that I had originally expected to find. No leather chaps here.

Finally, I asked the clerk about the boots and pants in the window. He nonchalantly pointed to a doorway in the rear of the shop; I went over and walked

down the stairs. I found myself in a room totally different from anything on the first floor: instead of the organized clutter of the upstairs gift items, I was standing in the middle of a spacious cleared basement, its walls freshly painted industrial grey, its floors carpeted wall to wall. The first thing that struck my eye was an enormous collection of western footwear, dozens of styles of cowboy boots — easily the largest selection I had ever seen in New York City. There were also work boots and construction boots. They all combined to line a whole wall of the subterranean space. Over further were a line up of woolen shirts and outer shirts. Incredibly low prices. I was so excited by the shirts that it took me a minute to notice the pictures hanging up on the wall. Bare flesh jumping out from behind strips of black leather. I caught my breath at the sight.

My vision went down the length of the room and found a tailor at work on patterns and sheets of rich looking leather. But, the real attention getter was an ebony harness hanging down from one of the overhead pipes. Its metal circles pulling together strips of leather. I walked over to it; hot, it was so hot looking! I felt my crotch fill as I tried to imagine where all the straps went. I was wondering how it would look and feel on my body. I reached up and touched its surprisingly subtle texture. But then I thought of that tailor — watching me. I was not a leather queen, coming to look at harnesses! Or so I thought.

I tried to take my attention to the opposite side of the room. There was a whole line-up of nothing but button fly jeans. I had thought about getting some of those — they always looked so good on men: the last button popped open, maybe two so you could see a hint of skin or a wisp of hair.

I went over and knelt down to feel their harsh fabric, knowing it would become soft with washing. Only \$13.50! But what I was really doing was looking back over at the harness, hanging down from the ceiling. What would that feel like? "Would you like to try it on?"

An accented voice asked from the platform — Portuguese, softer, more melodic than Spanish. I blushed as red as I was capable. The short humpy tailor came down and walked over to the leather device, taking it off the hanger. He turned to me, "Take off your shirt, I'll show you how it works." Were those smiling eyes laughing at my all too obvious embarrassment? Why did he know to take my silence for agreement? Why did I take off my shirt? He came over and fitted the cool material around my body, tightening the straps by pulling loose and redoing the snaps that went over most of the length. He stood back, "take down your pants so we can do the rest." No dressing room? "Don't worry, it's a basement, no one can see you, but other men." His eyes enjoyed my embarrassment some more.

I undid the belt and my slacks fell to the floor. He handed me the hard metal cock ring. "Here, you do this." I slipped first one, then the other ball through the loop, then squeezed my almost too full cock through. He reached around and

snapped more clasps. Then with surprising force he led me over to the mirror by the stairs.

There, in front of me, reflecting back, was the most sexy image I had seen in months. Bands of black leather wrapped around a body, circles of metal setting off flesh. I started to get even harder at the sight.

"Perhaps you would like to try on a pair of chaps to see how they go together?"

This time I found my voice, "Yeah, I would." I was intoxicated by my vision in the glass. I hadn't felt so good about my body in a long time; not just the sight of it, but the feel as my chest pressed against the bands every time I took in air. And the feel of the strap of leather coming up around the crack of my ass and tugging on my crotch everytime I moved. I stood to see myself from a side view just as the tailor returned. He explained carefully that the harness cost about \$65.00; if I liked the chaps, they'd be \$115. All of it hand made — by him, himself, Carlos, and all of it custom fitted. The confidence Carlos had in his handywork was compelling.

The strength of his hands as he tugged on the chaps was compelling too. Very professionally he had zippered up my pants and pulled the top band of the chaps shut. He told me this was a pair he used to get the size right. He wrapped each of my thighs in the stretched, shiny skins. He was tying up the back of the band, and suddenly just put a knee up to the small of my back and shoved with it, pulling the strings back at the same time. And then — there I was, the tail of the harness disappearing into my pants, their sides and legs covered by the taunt surface of the leather.

I couldn't believe myself, standing there, looking like some black knight in a boyhood dream, skin stretching — my own, the leather's. The tight embrace of the chaps and the comparative freedom of the crotch, the air gliding over the bare chest. I unconsciously clenched my fists, and pumped up my chest. *Looking good, I thought, looking fucking bad!*

The other guy was still amused, I guess, he went over and picked up a black leather motorcycle hat. He didn't even ask, just put it right on top of my head. "Not a bad image, man? You like that?" Amazing how seductive the Portuguese tone was. Like that? I loved it all. I hadn't felt that kind of sexuality in months — years, the image of power I represented, the promise of strength. I thought about myself going down to one of those leather bars along the river, dressed like this, standing in a corner, I knew I would be hot. Why had I been wasting this in pseudo-Winston man bars uptown. This was a body and a look that could work.

I couldn't help but think about who would be attracted to this? The tailor, I eyed his small, hard body, the outline of his dick against worn levis and thought about his form kneeling in front of me, licking the slick surface of the legs. That mouth? Would that mouth go home to my crotch, lick the balls caught in the trap of the steel cock ring?

My cock filled with delight at the

fantasy. My breath was coming stronger. But what if the other guy was bigger? Another set of footsteps came down the stairway. I was shocked back into reality as a man, much taller and more muscular than I, appeared and took in the view of me in front of the mirror. His eyes obviously appreciating the two of us standing there.

Another clerk appeared from upstairs. Luckily, he and the tailor went about helping the new guy out. I was able to go around and look at the other stuff in the store, trying to avoid listening to the three of them talk. They were explaining that everything in the store was custom fitted. They use a fine grade of leather, not the heavy stuff you find off the rack in most stores. Softer feeling, but the cut was strictly macho. The new man had his sleeves rolled up, his biceps bulged over the shirt; his heavy ass pushed against the faded button fly jeans that disappeared into scuffed engineer boots. I tried not to look too obviously at him as they talked price: leather jeans for \$145, jackets from \$240. Or, he could have a harness like the one I was wearing, the bastard tailor pointed me out. My face went red again.

"Hey, fella," the newcomer asked, "come here and let me see that thing you have on." I tried to look down to keep him from seeing the redness on my face. But I did walk over to him, when I got there he gazed over my body appraisingly, making believe (?) that he was examining the harness, now even tighter on my chest. "Looks good." Did he wink at the salesman? He pulled on the circle of metal in the middle of my chest, tugging up on the cockring attached to it. I couldn't help but think of what would be happening if I were alone with him, with just that harness on, with him pulling on it. The strap rubbed against my unprotected hole. Pulling me for what? Would he be pulling down, forcing my mouth onto his own hard cock? Would he be pulling me up to press his lips onto mine? The surge of blood through my crotch frightened me. I watched the tendons on his arms tighten as he twisted the leather and metal — to see how it felt, he said.

His eyes sparkled more as he asked the tailor to show him how the bottom part connected. The hot designer came down from the low platform once more, and before I could stop him, or say *anything* he had undone the chaps, opened my pants and pulled them down. My hard cock jumped out, pointing right at the moustached hump in front of me, betraying the new found desires I had just been discovering, the answer to my questions about how I was going to add some excitement to my life.

"It looks like I just converted someone to leather!" the softly accented voice laughed.

"And it looks like I just found something to do on a cold winter afternoon," the heavy bodied dude answered.

And it looks like I'm going to have to spend a fortune on new gear, I thought.

Pyramid Subterranea, 143 8th Avenue (at 17th Street) is open from 12 to 7, Monday through Saturday, Thursday till 9. Phone: 212/989-3246.

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O.K. guys, here is our revised 1979 listing of saloons, bunks and tubs where you'll uncover DRUMMER men. No need to drop those bucks for those expensive "guides." It's all here!

We have gone to many sources in preparing this comprehensive DRUMMER guide, but most of our info came from you, our faithful readers. So we'd greatly appreciate hearing from you about any openings, closings, changes or moves in your area. Remember, an up-to-date listing only benefits you. Our big goal for 1980 is a DRUMMER WORLD GUIDE ... so send those letters.

ARIZONA PHOENIX

Connection 4211 N. 7th St
Nu-Towne Saloon 5002 E. Van Buren
Ramrod 395 N. Black Canyon Rd
Swim & Sea Athletic Club 2922 E. Van Buren

TUCSON

Dale's Graduate 23 W. University Blvd
Toole Box 347 E. Toole Ave.

CALIFORNIA ALAMEDA

Alameda Steam Baths 1001 Santa Clara Ave.
ARCADIA (off 210 F'way)
Longbranch Saloon 131 1/2 E. Huntington

RED LANTERN 4618 E. Belmont Ave.
GARDEN GROVE

IRON SPUR 11086 Garden Grove Blvd
SADDLE CLUB 8192 Garden Grove Blvd
LONG BEACH

MIKE'S CORRAL 2020 Artesian Mr. Cherry
STALLION 5823 No. Atlantic Blvd
LOS ANGELES/HOLLYWOOD

Academy Restaurant 6236 Santa Monica Blvd
Basic Plumbing (private club) 725 N. Fairfax
Blue Parrot 8851 Santa Monica
Corral Club (private) 3744 Cahuenga Blvd
Detour 1089 Menzies Dr. Sunset Jct
Eagle 7864 Santa Monica Blvd.
8709 Club Baths (private) 8709 W. 3rd St
Eleven-Seventy Club 1170 No. Western Ave.
FALCON'S LAIR 742 No. Highland
Hyperion Baths 2114 Hyperion
Manhandler 2692 So. La Cienega
Melrose Baths 7269 Melrose Ave
Meat Rack 4621 Santa Monica Blvd
Pure Trash 1903 Hyperion Ave
ONE WAY 612 No. Hoover
OUT CAST 4219 Santa Monica Blvd
RUSTY NAIL 7994 Santa Monica Blvd
The Play Rite 5459 Hollywood Blvd
Silver Saddle Spa (baths) 4356 Sunset Blvd.
SPIKE BAR 7746 Santa Monica Blvd
Stud 4216 Melrose Ave
2006 Bar 2006 N. Figueroa St.
Wranglers 1941 Hyperion

LOS ANGELES / VALLEY

Boots 12319 Ventura Blvd., Studio City
Black Knight 10932 Burbank Blvd
Drive Shaft 13751 Victory Blvd., N. Hollywood
Glens Turkish Baths 4653 Lankershim Bl., N H
Hayloft 11818 Ventura Blvd., Studio City
Mag 12/36 Magnolia Blvd., N. Hollywood
Roman Holiday Baths 11435 Victory Blvd
The Serpent & Club Baths 4109 W. Burbank Bl
The Signal 10522 Burbank Blvd., N. Hollywood
PALM SPRINGS/CATHEDRAL CITY
C.C. Construction Co. 68-449 Perez Rd
Dave's Villa Caprice (motel & spa) 67-670 Carey
An Old Friend (motel) 1830 Racquet Club Rd
Party Room 67-977 Hwy. 111

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Men's Bar/Bath Scene '79

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PALO ALTO

Bachelor Quarters (baths) . 1934 University Av.
Whiskey Gulch Saloon . 1951 E. University Ave.

SACRAMENTO

Corral 1946 Broadway
Male Box 5121 El Camino
Parking Lot (complex) . . . 2804 Auburn Blvd.
Steamworks (baths) 2551 5th St.

SAN BERNARDINO

SKYLARK 917 Inland Center Dr.

SAN DIEGO

BEE JAYS 750 India St.
Fourth Ave. Club (baths) . . 3955 4th Ave.
THE HOLE 282C Lytton
The Hut 2581 University Ave.
Shadows 6035 Fairmount Ext.

SAN FRANCISCO

AMBUSH 1351 Harrison St.
ARENA 399 9th at Harrison
Badlands 4121 18th St.
THE BALCONY 2166 Market
THE BLACK & BLUE 8th at Howard
THE BROTHEL HOTEL 1500 Sutter
Brown's (pub & hotel) 1188 Folsom
The Brig 1347 Folsom
BOOT CAMP 1010 Bryant
The Club San Francisco . . . 330 Ritch St.
Cornholes (private club) . . . 1369 Folsom
Dave's Baths 100 Broadway
Dirty Sally's (private) 278 11th St.
Fair Oaks (hotel) Oak at Steiner
FEBE'S 1601 Folsom
527 Club 527 Bryant
1808 Club (private) 1808 Market
The Galloon 718 14th St.
Glory Hole (private club) . . . 225 6th St.
Hand Ball Express (baths) . . . 975 Harrison
I-Beam (disco) 1748 Haight
Jackaroo 1551 Mission
The Jaguar (private) 4052 18th St.
Liberty Baths 1157 Post
Midnight Sun 506 Castro
Moby Dick 4049 18th St.
Nightshift (private club) . . . 205 6th St.
RAMROD 1255 Folsom
The Slot (baths) 979 Folsom St.
Sutro Bathhouse (bisexual) . . 1015 Folsom
THE TRENCH (uniform bar) . . 164 8th St.
21st Street Baths 3244 21st St.
Watering Hole 6th at Folsom

SAN JOSE

Renegades 393 Stockton
641 Club 641 Stockton
Watergarden (baths) 1010 The Alameda

SANTA BARBARA

Track Side 215 State St.

COLORADO

DENVER

Ball Park (baths) 107 So. Broadway
Den 5110 W. Colfax
Fox Hole 2936 Fox, off 20th St.
1942 Club 1942 Broadway
Triangle Lounge 2036 Broadway

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EAGLE 904 9th St. N.W.
Louis's Spartan Lounge . . . 305 9th St. N.W.
Olympic Baths 1405 H St. N.W.
69th Precinct (baths) . . . 70001 Blair Rd. N.W.

FLORIDA

DAYTONA BEACH

Landmark 615 Main St.

FT. LAUDERDALE

The Everglades Bar . . . 1931 So. Federal Hwy.
Gym Health Club 901 S.W. 27th Ave.
Tacky's 2509 W. Broward Blvd.

JACKSONVILLE

Phoenix 2069 Phoenix at 11th

KEY WEST

Southwind Motel 1321 Simonton St.

MIAMI

Clubhouse (baths) 299 S.W. 8th St.
Double 'R' Ranch 1001 N.E. 2nd Ave.
Mineshaft 112 E. Miami Ave.
Pirates Den (baths) 16051 Collins Ave.

ORLANDO

Parliament House (complex) . . 410 N. Orange Blossom Trail

TAMPA

Kikiki 909 No. Tampa

WEST PALM BEACH

Man's Country Bar 506 25th St.
Town Pump 205 Datura

GEORGIA

ATLANTA

P's 551 Ponce de Leon Ave. NE

HAWAII

HONOLULU / (Downtown)

Question Mark 43 S. Beretania

WAIKIKI

Blowhole 124 Kapahulu
Club Honolulu (baths) 2270 Kuhio
Cocktail Center 435 Atkinson
The Steam Works (baths) . . . 307 Lewers St.

ILLINOIS

CALUMET CITY

MR B'S CLUB 606 State Line

CHICAGO

Barracks (baths) 506 No. Clark St.
GOLD COAST 501 No. Clark St.
Redoubt 65 W. Illinois
Steamworks Ltd. (baths) . . . 3131 N. Lincoln
Touche' 2825 No. Lincoln
Man's World North (baths) . . 4740 N. Western Ave.

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IOWA

DES MOINES

Country Cove 203 - 4th

INDIANA

INDIANAPOLIS

Body Works (baths) 303 N. Senate Ave.
Club Indianapolis Baths 341 N. Capital

KANSAS

WICHITA

Cattlemen's Assoc., Ltd. 1534 Ida

KENTUCKY

LOUISVILLE

Badlands Territory 116 E. Main St.

LOUISIANA

NEW ORLEANS

Camp Baths 512 Gravier
Canal Baths 738 N. Rampart
Corral Bar 901 Bourbon
Golden Lantern 1289 Royal St.
Round Up 819 St. Louis
The Stake Out 940 Conti
Tiger Lounge 940 Burgundy
T.J.'s West 820 N. Rampart

MARYLAND

BALTIMORE

Barracks (baths) 1114 Cathedral

Club East Baths 1105 Cathedral
Gallery 1735 Maryland
Studio (adjoins Gallery) 1735 Maryland

MASSACHUSETTS

Club Boston Baths 4 La Grange
Chaps 25 Huntington Ave.
THE BOSTON EAGLE 88 Queensberry St.
Herbie's Ramrod (upstairs) . . . 12 Carver
Shed 272 Huntington St.

PROVINCETOWN

Atlantic House Hotel Bar Masonic Alley
The Captain and His Ship (Guesthouse) . . 164 Commercial St.

Ranch Guest House 198 Commercial St.
Sea Drift Inn 80 Bradford St.

SPRINGFIELD

Quarry (below the Pub) 382 Dwight St.

MICHIGAN

DETROIT

Club Detroit Baths 7646 Woodward Ave.
INTERCHANGE 1501 Holden
Stephen's Saloon 17436 Woodward Ave.

MINNESOTA

MINNEAPOLIS

Big Daddy's (baths) 3 N. 7th
Happy Hour 408 Hennepin
Locker Room Health Club . . . 316 1st Ave. N.

MISSOURI

KANSAS CITY

Bunkhouse (baths) 3109 Main St.
Round Up 701 W. 12th

ST LOUIS

Gateway Saloon (in Bob Martin's Bar complex) . . 201 S. 20th
Club St. Louis Baths 500 W. Kingshighway
Stadium Baths 201 S. 20th

NEBRASKA

OMAHA

Diamond Bar 516 S. 16th

NEVADA

LAS VEGAS

Las Vegas Spa (baths) 1130 S. Casino Ctr. 81
Other Place 5410 Paradise Rd.
Sixteen-Ten 1610 E. Charleston Blvd.

RENO

Club Baths 1030 W. 2nd St.
Trapp 5201 W. 4th St.

NEW JERSEY

ATLANTIC CITY (SEASONAL)

Ramrod (above Lark Inn) . . . 174 S. New York

BRICKTOWN

The Egyptian Baths 1714 Hwy. 88

CAMDEN

Club Camden Baths 1498 Broadway

NEW YORK

BUFFALO

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Villa Capri 926 Main at Allan

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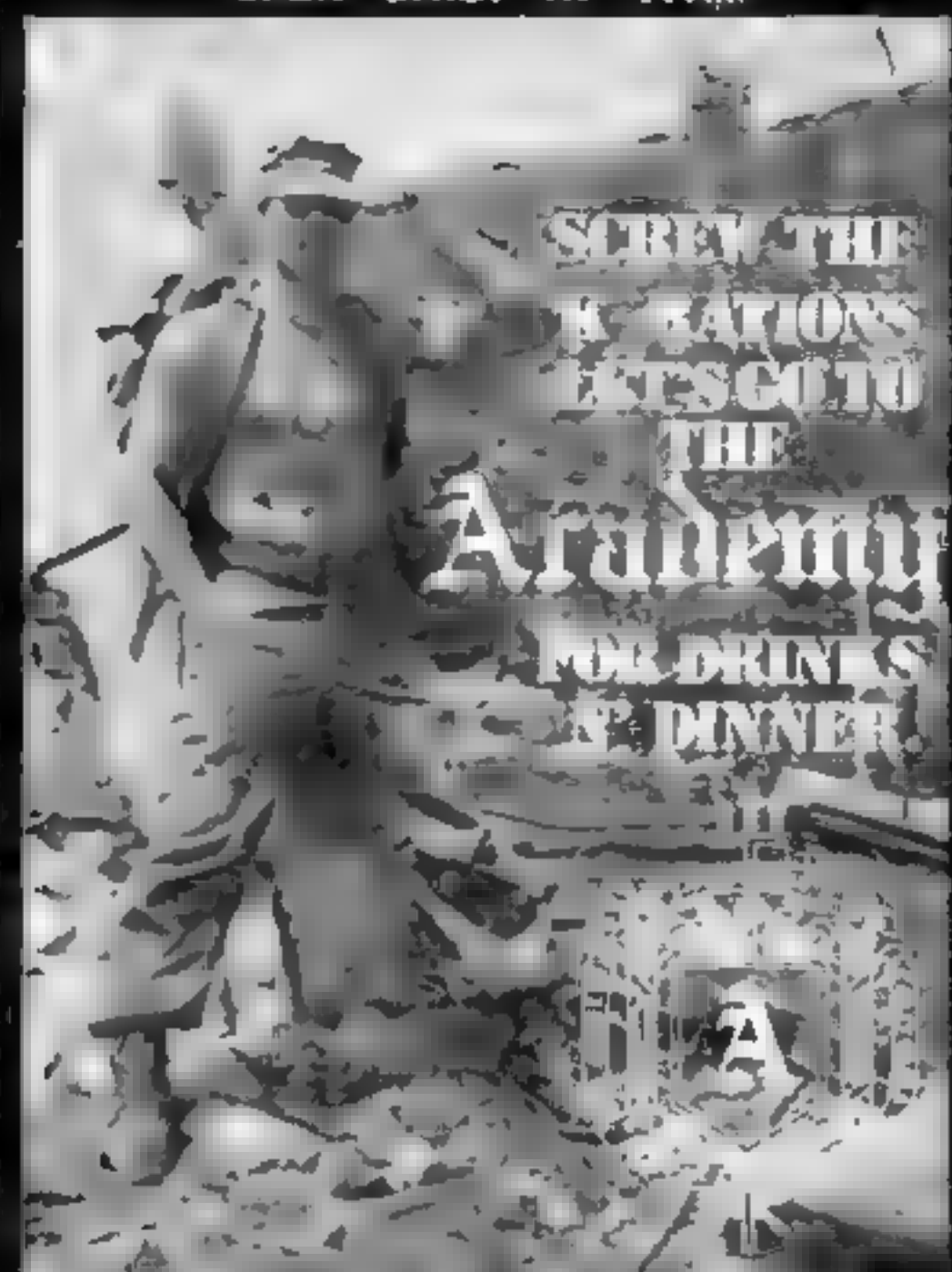
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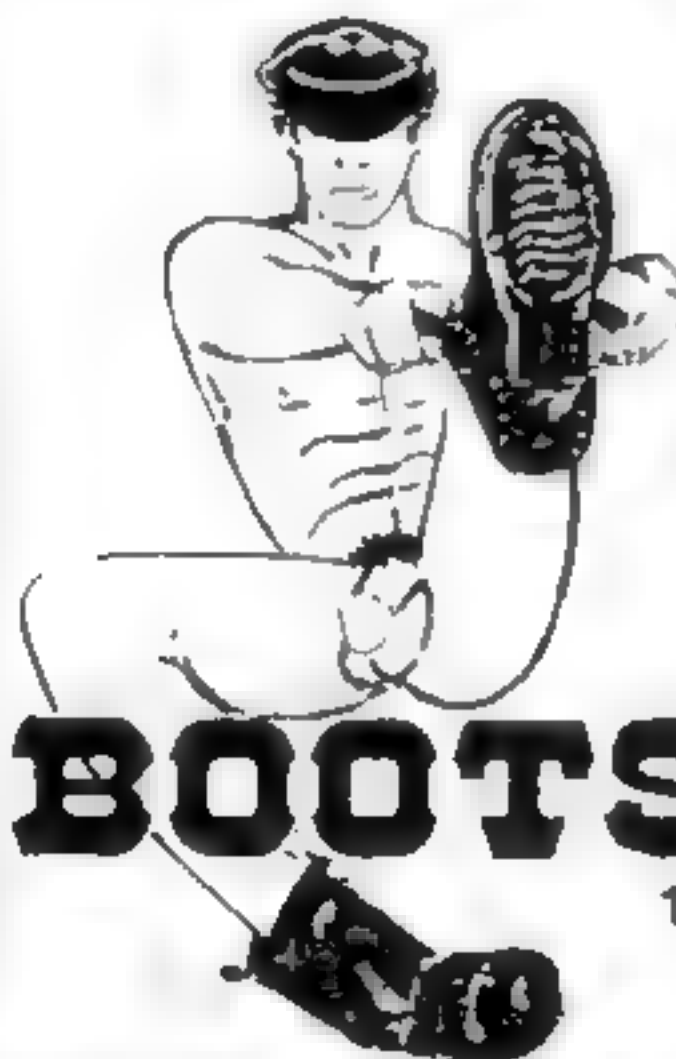
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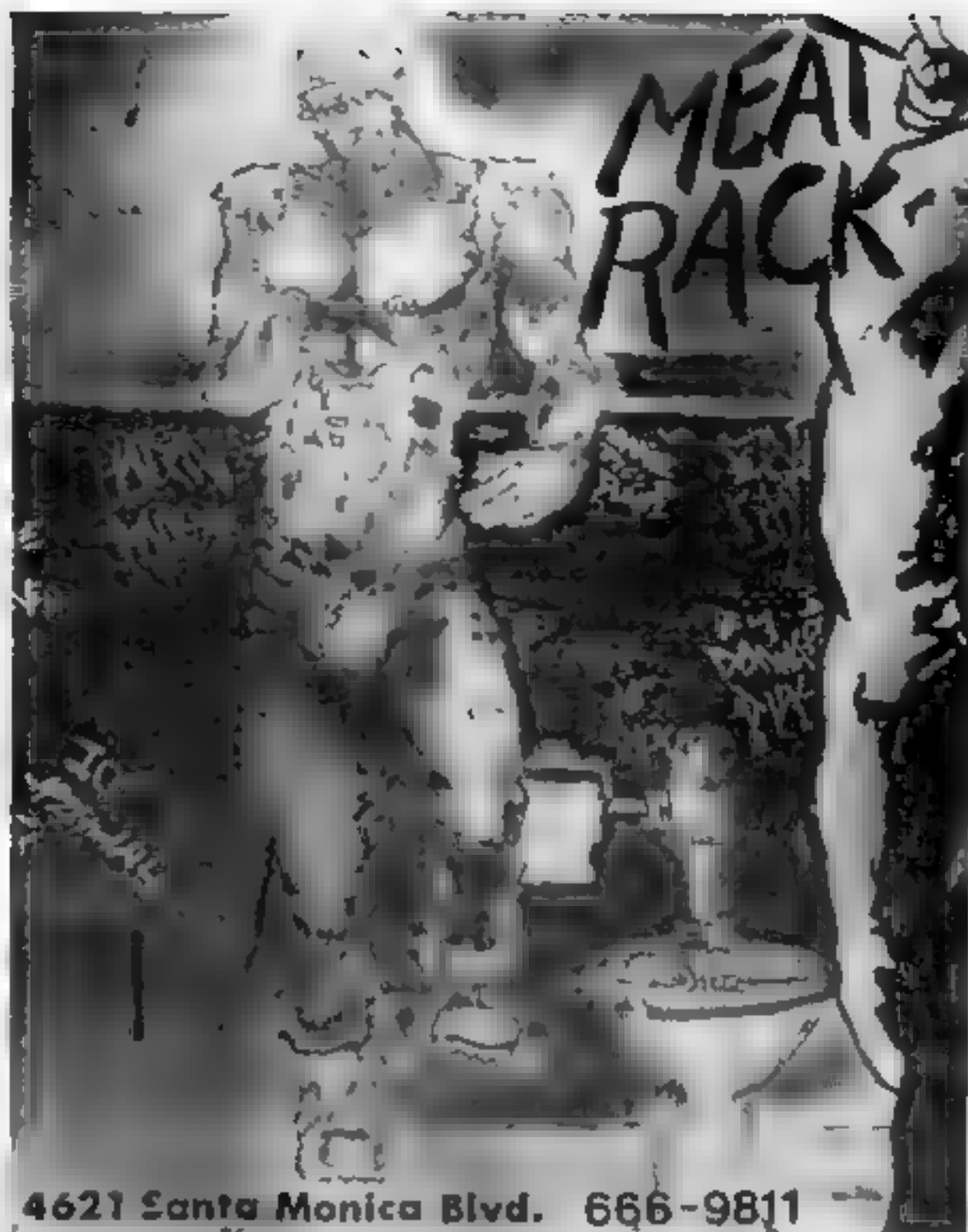
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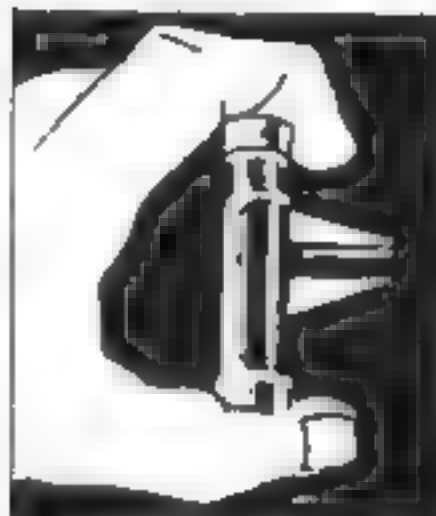
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Majestic Hotel & Club Baths 303 S.W. 12th Av
Other Inn 242 S.W. Adler
Olympic Baths 531 S.W. 12th St
Tavern ('Half Moon') 122 S.W. Yamh II

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Cell Block 206 So. Camac
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Locker 1732 Westheimer
Mary's 1022 Westheimer
Montrose Mining Co. 805 Pacific
Exile 1011 Bell
2306 Club (Gym-L/W Bath) 2306 Genessee
The Helix Ranch 6800 S. Main (Frontenac P z)

LUBBOCK

Warehouse Lounge 2404 Marshal

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Ritz Bar 131 Brooke Ave

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WASHINGTON

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JOHNNY'S HANDLEBAR 2018 1st Ave
MARSHALL'S OFFICE 1224 Howell
Zodiac Club Baths 1117 Pike St.

WISCONSIN

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Man Hole 207 So. Washington

MILWAUKEE

Club Milwaukee Baths 704-A W. Wisconsin
On Broadway Health Club 158 N. Broadway
WRECK ROOM 266 E. Erie

CANADA

MONTREAL

Continental Montreal (baths) 456 La Gauchetiere
Bud's 1250 Stanley
Dominion Square Tavern 1243 Metcalfe
Joe Beel's Tavern 201 de la Commune
Monarch Cafe 164 St. Catherine St. E

TORONTO

Barn Church at Granby
Ruddy's Backroom Bar (behind Crispins) 64 Gerrard
Barracks, Ltd. (baths) 56 Widmer St
Club Baths 231 Mutual St.
Dudes 10 Broadbalt St
Parkside Tavern 530 Yonge St.
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